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THE LAUREATESHIP.

The death of Alfred Austin, at the age of nearly eighty, is a considerable loss to English literature. He was a man of admirable talents, although they amounted to something less than genius, a poet of highly creditable accomplishment, and a writer of exquisite prose. His life offers an example of continuous devotion to letters, increasingly rare in our bustling modern age, yet it was by no means a cloistered life, and did not seek to live in a palace of art aloof from the political and social concerns of the world of men. Austin was a publicist as well as a poet, and a steadfast ally of the forces that sustain the social order. Born in 1835, a Roman Catholic by family and education, he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1857. But before this he had published a poem and a novel, and after four years in the practice of his profession, gave it up, and devoted the rest of his life to writing. The list of his books is a very large one, and of varied interest. The collected edition of his poems, published twenty years ago, fills six large volumes, and he has produced much verse since that time. Among his poetical works are "The Season" and "The Golden Age," satires in verse, "The Human Tragedy" and "Savonarola," tragedies, and the miscellaneous volumes, "Interludes," "Soliloquies in Song," and "English Lyrics." His prose writings include several novels, a group of political writings, and "The Garden That I Love," a work dear to all lovers of nature. He was a powerful journalist and an effective public speaker, and in all his activities deserved well of his country.

When, in 1896, Austin was appointed Poet Laureate, after the post had remained vacant for four years, there arose a chorus of protest which took the form of personal abuse, and which continued until his death. It was based upon the striking contrast between Austin and his predecessor, and upon the popular notion that the Laureate should be the greatest of living poets. This notion had been realized in the cases of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and had come to be a sort of prepossession of the public mind, although the earlier history of the laureateship had hardly given it countenance. "Austin is not a Tennyson, therefore let us hold him up to ridicule," was the almost unanimous cry of

the journalists, and their treatment of him ever since has afforded a conspicuous example of journalistic bad manners. Newspaper writers, and even critics of repute who should have known better, went out of their way to belittle his every new effort and his total achievement, and he became the butt of every cheap wit and random paragrapher. It was an unpleasant exhibition, and not to be justified by the occasional baldness of an official lyric, or such an exquisite absurdity as may here and there be picked out of his work. The man who wrote these lines upon Beaconsfield's grave was something more than an object of ridicule:

"Leave me a little while alone,
Here at his grave that still is strown
With crumbling flower and wreath;
The laughing rivulet leaps and falls,
The thrush exults, the cuckoo calls,
And he lies hush'd beneath.

"With myrtle cross and crown of rose
And every lowlier flower that blows,
His new-made couch is dress'd;
Primrose and cowslip, hyacinth wild,
Gather'd by monarch, peasant, child,
A nation's grief attest."

And the man who could pen the exquisite verses to "Agatha" could not be held, at his best, an unworthy occupant of the post that Wordsworth once had filled.

"She wanders in the April woods,
That glisten with the fallen shower;
She leans her face against the buds,
She stops, she stoops, she plucks a flower.
She feels the ferment of the hour;
She broodeth when the ringdove broods;
The sun and flying clouds have power
Upon her cheek and changing moods.
She cannot think she is alone
As o'er her senses warmly steal
Floods of unrest she fears to own,
And almost dreads to feel."

When Austin became Poet Laureate in 1896, England had lost nearly all of the poets that had made the Victorian age glorious. Swinburne was the only poet of the first rank left alive, and this fierce denouncer of kings and priests could not seriously have been considered as fitted for the function of official champion in verse of throne and altar. But if not Swinburne, the one chosen must come from the ranks of the minor poets, and among these Austin had many of the elements of fitness, and his nomination was by no means as absurd as it was held to be by the organs of popular opinion. While he has not displayed the quality of a Wordsworth or a Tennyson, he has been a fair match for Southey, and a great improvement upon Pye. On the whole, he has probably not lowered the average of the laureates, taking the entire list into account.

The now vacant post comes opportunely with "the silly season" now upon us, and will doubtless help many a distracted journalist to fill his summer space with inept and jejune comment, and bring our old friends Vox Populi and Pro Bono Publico well into public view in the contributor's column. We shall be told once more — or rather a thousand times more — that the laureateship is an anachronism, which we cheerfully admit, wishing only that there were many more of them. There are still a few anachronisms left — such as peppercorn rents, and beef-eaters, and king's champions — to give picturesqueness to English life, and redeem it in part from a Lloyd Georgian drabness, and we prize the laureateship, not only because it gives official recognition to the finest of the arts, but also because it is a survival from an age whose interests were not wholly material, and which had invented neither sociology, nor eugenics, nor "temperance," nor the fetich of efficiency. The post of Laureate is a pleasant one to occupy, even although the traditional vinous emolument has been commuted into a payment of prosaic cash, and a poet may make as much of it as his faculties permit. It inspired the Wellington Ode, and may conceivably in the future inspire other poems as great. Nor is it the ticklish business that it was in Southey's time to be the Laureate. The monarchy has become chastened in these latter days, and it is not likely again to become incumbent upon its official poet

"To toss the litter of Westphalian swine
From under human to above divine."

If we may offer a suggestion as to a proper selection for the vacant post, it seems to us that all the signs indicate Mr. Alfred Noyes. A foolish sign is found in the fact that parental foresight named him Alfred thirty-two years ago; a serious sign is found in the fact that he has this year published a volume of poems so rich in imaginative power and so glowing with pride in the past glories of English history that no one else seems to us to have as clear a title to the honor, or to be so plainly marked out for the exercise of its peculiar function. We can far better imagine Mr. Noyes as the recipient of the laurel (this time not greener, but more sere) from the brows of his predecessor, than we can Mr. Dobson, in whom we fear the divine fire is nearly quenched, or Mr. Bridges, who lives in a world of his own creation, or Mr.

Kipling, who might set the doings of the royal family to ragtime melodies, or Mr. Watson, who might blurt things out in a disconcerting way, or Mr. Yeats, who finds the truest reality in dreams, or Mr. Phillips, whose thoughts dwell with the ghosts of vanished centuries. Mr. Noyes is at least the equal in achievement of any of these, and seems likely to go much farther before he is done. His appointment would be one that all lovers of poetry would acclaim, and one that would shed new lustre upon the laureateship.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A MAGAZINE.

[Explanatory Note.—Shortly after the suspension of "The Lakeside Monthly" in 1874 (then believed to be but temporary) the proprietors of "Scribner's Monthly" (afterwards "The Century Magazine"), Dr. J. G. Holland and Mr. Roswell Smith, made overtures, which were by some thought quite favorable, for a consolidation of "The Lakeside" which would be virtually an absorption of it by their magazine. In pursuance of this plan, an article was prepared, at their expense and by their direction, for publication in "Scribner's" and distribution also in proof-sheets for widespread republication in the newspapers of the country. After the article had been written, however, and before its appearance in print, the owner of "The Lakeside"—rather against the advice of friends—asked to withdraw from the arrangement; and hence the article was never printed. In view of the recent death of the man who was the magazine's moving spirit, we have thought that the article would now be of interest to many readers, and it is therefore presented herewith for the first time.—Edr. The Dial.]

The just interest awakened by the event of the absorption of "The Lakeside Monthly" by "Scribner's Magazine" calls for some particulars of the Chicago periodical's history, and explanation of the unselfish and enlightened policy which, on both sides, dictated the arrangement. The sequel will show that the occasion is indeed fruitful; but the present task, devolved upon an unconcerned though not insensible inquirer by the public curiosity, will be limited by its demands.

It had long been in contemplation to develop "The Lakeside" into an illustrated magazine of highest grade as soon as the requisite outlay could be prudently risked. To this end, a series of papers on exclusively Western topics, to be elegantly illustrated, had been planned. Meantime, the broadening field of "Scribner's" preoccupied the prospect, and, too, in a manner it could not be hoped to excel. The public will quickly recall the illustrated papers on the wonders of the Yellowstone, first revealed in "Scribner's"; those on the Yo Semite, Mount Shasta, Gray's Peak, the California Geysers, etc., all superbly presented; likewise those on Salt Lake, the Mormons, St. Louis, the St. Louis Bridge, the Mississippi, the Southwest, etc. This eminently popular and successful feature of "Scribner's" was a conquest in the territory of "The Lakeside," belated as the latter was by insufficient capital: a blameless but heavy blow to its hopes long before other causes destroyed them. Yet intrinsically "The Lakeside" had a brilliant success. Remote from the great centres of culture, conducted without the adjunct of an artful business policy, without adequate capital, and almost without assistance, it is a fact that one young man had been able to secure for his magazine a conceded fellowship in the highest class of periodicals. From the "Revue des Deux Mondes," from "The London Graphic," from the London "Saturday Review," from the "Canadian Illustrated News," and from numerous less important exponents of foreign opinion, "The Lakeside Monthly" at the time of its suspension had begun to enjoy that recognition which extends to no half-dozen American magazines. In this country, such literary connoisseurs as Mr. James T. Fields in private, and such hypercritical journalists as those of the "Springfield Republican," deliberately adjudged its merits and awarded it praise which no known publication would slight. Journals like the New York "Evening Post," the Boston "Journal," and the Philadelphia "Press," habitually silent upon it, would occasionally admonish their favorites of an aspiring Western competitor, or surprise the Eastern public by commending it as one of the four or five excellent American monthlies. Indeed, for that healthful conservatism which spurns the taint of sensationalism, and for typographical taste, it probably deserved the palm amongst all; while in all other respects suffering by comparison less in average quality than in the celebrity of some of the writers. It is bare candor to add, after the fullest inquiry, what will strangely contradict universal prepossession,—for "The Lakeside" was a Chicago concern,—that in self-exaggeration, or even self-assertion, it was exceptionally artless. The clever and justifiable expedients of all manner of publishers for conciliating the favor of the press—at least next door; systematic arrangements for extending circulation, by canvassing, by premium gifts, etc., even mere advertising, were all sparingly used, and the attempt to succeed on merit alone was made in good faith in a city where such an achievement would be only less likely than such an effort. Yet, within limits so narrowed by principle, the business policy was surprisingly provident, practical, and successful. The presumption of the mercenary that they alone are "practical" has seldom been more signally rebuked, for seldom have lower aims effected so much upon so little.

Late in the year 1868 was projected and with the New Year 1869 appeared "The Western Monthly." The first number is before us; judging from which, no conception had been formed of the elements or mission of an exponent of Letters. Its proprietors, men probably ignorant of the possibilities of intellectual enthusiasm, and without mental qualifications for the literary calling, appealed to the Western public on behalf of "Literature," yet flagrantly dedicated their periodical, by a biography, portrait, etc., in each issue, to such individuals as had a disbursing ambition. The original matter was meagre, incongruous, and frequently mean; the rest was selected

in the manner of a country newspaper. Out of this insignificant publication grew ultimately the chaste and polished "Lakeside."

When "The Western Monthly" was a few months old, a young man who had laid down the knapsack of a Massachusetts soldier in the Civil War, a few years before, with an intense literary zeal gathered in the brooding intervals of the march and the camp, came to Chicago, and gravitated into the sanctum of the only pretender in the line of his aims. This was Mr. Francis F. Browne, afterward editor and latterly sole proprietor of "The Lakeside Monthly." His modest but earnest fertility and industry rapidly improved the magazine, attracting superior contributors, and affording countenance to the pretensions of his business associates. From the beginning, however, there was a radical discrepancy of motive involved in the coöperation. The prevalent incredulity of persons imbued with the commercial spirit toward any but material agencies of success, on the one hand, and on the other the tacit but irrepressible faith in principle as a power by which all durable triumphs are gained, must have divided Mr. Browne's partners from himself in a sense more vital than a mere division of labor. But the former could not spare the respectability and character imparted by Mr. Browne's untiring and scholarly exertions, nor could he at once assume all the burdens. Thus, though partners and stockholders succeeded each other frequently, there remained in the person of somebody the antitype of Mr. Browne. Progress and discouragements alternated with each other. In September, 1870, a fire in the magazine's printing-office destroyed its subscription-list and the entire current edition just from the press. But the publication continued, with the interruption of a single number. Mr. Browne invented the name "Lakeside," which was substituted for "Western," and the magazine rapidly grew in credit and recognition. Then came the more disastrous fire of 1871, in which the whole business part of Chicago was destroyed, and with it everything tangible and visible of the magazine, everything but the invisible and imperishable idea that had made and sustained it. This remained; and after a short delay, and a readjustment of its affairs, its publication was resumed, and continued steadily for nearly three years more.

During its short career of scarce more than five years, the vicissitudes of this publication would be ludicrous, almost, if after its triumph the sequel had been less melancholy. On its ideal side, it was as moveless as the pole; on its commercial side it was simply protean. From the colleges and churches would come spectacles and white cravats, to meet pork-packers, bankers, theatre-owners, etc., in assemblage at the instance of some friendly but enthusiastic "promoter" of some strange scheme that comprehended both real estate and literature. But the subtlety of the plan would be too much for the expected patrons of it; the lot speculators would fall back upon lots, the packer to his pork, the preacher to his flock, and all would go home wondering what had brought them together. Again, when the East began to claim Bret Harte as a desirable adjunct to its literary possessions, Chicago, in the spirit of the commander who ordered seventy-five men detailed to be baptized in order to surpass the fifty conversions reported of a rival regiment, resolved to have him. A fund of $30,000 was pledged, a liberal salary offered Harte, and "The Lakeside" was to be aggrandized. But the matter got a hitch in some personal way, Harte fled to Boston, and nothing remained but a joke on Chicago. The magazine was left, as usual, to work out its own salvation; and it continued to do it, undismayed. Though often *in extremis*, and seemingly the forlornest of forlorn hopes, there was no thought of desisting, or of any course whatever but to go ahead. At times fortune seemed to smile upon it, and the triumph long striven for seemed really to have come. Midway in its career a large company, with ample capital, was organized with it for a nucleus, and a fine business block was erected in the heart of the city, which, with the large printing-plant owned and operated by the same company, still bears its name. But along with this accession of capital and resources came certain spiritual influences that were soon to be inimical to the true success of the magazine, and this alliance fell apart, Mr. Browne being still the conductor of the magazine, and becoming through successive degrees its sole proprietor.

From beginning to end, perhaps as much as fifty thousand dollars was sunk in this publication,—coupled with which is this extraordinary fact, that the only year in which it approximately paid its expenses was the last, which was the only one in which Mr. Browne was exclusive manager. It was also conspicuously the year of highest literary tone and total disallowance of the low mercenary spirit. Hitherto, it had pieced out the foot of its blanket by character cut from the top. Mr. Browne uncovered its head, and found the blanket without an inch to spare, but long enough, with youth and strength. Without doubt, the money that had been spent was mostly wasted. From the accession of Mr. Browne, the magazine uninterruptedly deepened its own channel as a literary current; a process which might have been hastened by capital, but was only retarded by investments that imparted their own claim to bind the policy toward early remuneration. In this sense, it cannot be idle to reflect on the interesting paradox, viz., the enterprise was never doing so well as when most straitened for means; for the influence on its development of the only man who had his vocation in it was greatest when the hope of diverting it to mere money-getting was least. Such are really the facts; yet, is it credible that out of opportunities actually consisting of disaster an energy and a persistency could be found adequate to evolve, nourish, and ripen a first-class magazine? But it is so,—and more: for that sympathy and appreciation which are confessedly the greatest incentives to zeal and devotion appear in this case to have been almost entirely lacking. Any-

body can understand a merely mercantile scheme and give it a cheer, even if hopelessly bold; but how few can, with facility, enter into that refined and lofty enthusiasm which needs not to be gross in order to be practical? Unhappy is that man of feeling who has not acquired a second-nature of utterance, but habitually turns from the dim mirror of a casual listener to the vivid presences in his own mind. Willing to be transparent to the meanest apprehension, he becomes inscrutable to the acutest attention. This gifted and indomitable man suffered much from this involuntary reserve. Contempt of a mere idea on every hand might well have awakened misgivings; but against these Mr. Browne was supported by perhaps the first mind in Chicago, the late Col. J. W. Foster, who, having presided over the American Association for the Advancement of Science, might have given greater authority but not a more ardent sympathy to a scientific publication. The gratitude with which Mr. Browne has been heard to mention others serves rather to show the paucity and rarity of active support from local men of letters and scholars. But Colonel Foster was habitual and industrious in his assistance while he lived, by valuable articles and editorial labors, but above all by vouchsafing to others the assurance that Mr. Browne's ends though high were real, and though remote were practicable; that his means thereto were well chosen, and that in legitimate business management, as in editorial judgment, he was emphatically qualified for his task.

But we must forbear cumulative particulars. As Mr. Browne's influence in the concern prevailed, his labors multiplied. The lamented death of his friend Colonel Foster needs only to be mentioned. In at length finding himself sole proprietor, he found an appalling labor before him. But it did not daunt him. His personal obscurity became the greater by the isolation of unremitting toil, while his city began to hear from abroad of its most creditable institution, ignorant still of the builder of it. Its name at least was, however, beginning to be known at home, and to be borrowed for all manner of establishments.* The local journals occasionally reproduced some distant compliment to Chicago for having in its midst a real credential for literary cognizance. A citizen of distinguished sagacity, after reading its celebrated "Chicago Number," declared that its circulation in Europe, by accrediting the civilization of the city, would lower the rate of interest on its loans. If it be considered that these amount to hundreds of millions, the practical power of Mr. Browne's enterprise is in ridiculous contrast to the expenses of any magazine. The time had come, on the soberest principles, for "The Lakeside" to be endowed. But Chicago had not built her own railroads, nor dredged her own river; and why should she lend her borrowed money for her own literature? There was, however, another side to this question, which it was the natural function of the local *literati* to frame and present to men whose judgment of beef on the hoof had led them to the statelier office of judging more comprehensive interests. Booksellers and publishers, too, might have looked up from the muck-rake,— for it was not long after this that some of them began to inquire if there might not really be something in a "Lakeside" article, published long before, showing the possibilities and prospects of Chicago as a publishing point for books. But prevailing dulness in a community on a given subject makes it irksome to an individual of clearer perceptions to affirm the simplest and most obvious truths of it. Men of intellectual callings, like other people, count the outlay of strength in getting a Chicago millionaire to believe his own eyes off their habitual objects. But of all men, Mr. Browne was least qualified for the task, without sufficient personal acquaintance, without the tact of shrewd unreserve which forms so large a part of the "magnetism" we hear of, and without time from his work. Moreover, his most cherished plans never contemplated, as far as we could learn, a division either of the burdens or the glory of the thing. The magazine, virtually conducted solely by himself, upon a scheme of rigid economy, was sustaining itself, with a steadily increasing prospect of early reaching the stage of emolument. But the toil was enormous,— for, night or day, Mr. Browne would not suffer the minutest slight or blemish to befall his magazine. In this condition the fateful financial panic of 1873 found him.* Very reasonably it might be thought that it would be fatal to so inelastic a way of business. A competent judge, however, of his business and his credit believes he would have surmounted this shock, as he had so many before, but for a sterner and sadder cause. Be that as it may, it is as certain as the laws of physiology, that no pecuniary blessing could have averted the calamity of the following Spring. Mr. Browne was exhausted. In every such abuse of strength there is a turning-point, generally imputable to some casualty. In this case, it was not the financial panic that overcame him. The discerning reader will look no farther, when told that these unnatural labors were suddenly arrested to nurse and bury a child.

The work of several is done by one man only by the aid of intuitions that really save most of the labor. Unmindful that these intuitions are but

*Beginning with "The Lakeside Monthly" and its affiliated "Lakeside Printing and Publishing Co." and "Lakeside Building," there soon followed the "Lakeside Directory" of Chicago, a "Lakeside Almanac," various "Lakeside" literary and social clubs, a suburban village named "Lakeside," with a seminary called "Lakeside Hall," a "Lakeside" course of lectures, a "Lakeside" weekly newspaper, a "Lakeside" clothing house, a "Lakeside" brand of writing-paper and of flour, a "Lakeside" lodge of Masons, and even a "Lakeside" laundry; while Chicago itself began to be called the "Lakeside City." The list could be extended almost indefinitely.

*In the margin of a typewritten copy of this article, Mr. Browne had written in pencil at this point: "Also had cholera that year; nearly died of it."—EDR.

sparks which inevitably fail under a subsidence of energy, the overworker finds his burden too heavy at the very time when the transference of it to another's shoulders demands an impossible strength; for it has grown fast to his own. In vain physicians advised Mr. Browne to remit his business to a provisional management. His soul was in it, — and could he hire a man to work his soul for him while he was resting his body? The magazine lagged in time, but suffered not the least deterioration of quality. Alarming symptoms compelled Mr. Browne to be imperatively warned. Rejecting with disdain certain mercenary overtures, he adopted the plan of issuing a circular deliberately suspending the publication of the magazine until the restoration of his health should again enable him to go on with it.

Such is the story of "The Lakeside Monthly." No other literary attempt at the mart of grain and swine ever had a story: for only this one had a hero. Devotion, in all the fulness of the word, alone made the magazine possible. Hence, so inextricably personal is its history that mere salient public facts would virtually suppress it. On the other hand, the thrilling particulars which would be coarsened by dramatic portrayal, — of struggles so burningly intense yet so subtle, with their passages of unwitnessed joy, their crises of wordless anguish, — these it would be stupid not to imagine, yet a trespass to name. But when it is seen how this shy, pure, proud man, once so indefatigable, now wasted and worn by his labors and his sacrifice, himself procured for Chicago her credit in the world of letters, — a higher honor than she owes to any other citizen, — it would seem monstrous to a distant spectator that he should walk her streets unhonored.

*BROWNE THE BELOVED.**

Francis Fisher Browne, or Browne the Beloved as I like to call him, was one of the finest and rarest men I ever knew. During the last five or six years of his life, when I came to know him intimately, my love and admiration have been constantly growing as the noble strength and beauty of his character came more and more clearly to view.

I have never ceased to wonder how he was able to do so vast an amount of downright hard work of lasting influence on our literature and at the same time lend a helping hand to hundreds of young aspiring writers, sympathizing with them in their struggles, and cheering them on with heartening advice while himself fighting an almost everyday battle against bad health, heavy enough utterly to disable most men. He was one of the literary pioneers of the old West who have made roaring commercial Chicago a centre of literature. His paper, THE DIAL, is regarded by far better judges than I am as the most influential of all the American periodicals devoted to literary affairs. This paper he founded some thirty-three years ago, and edited almost to the time of his death.

He never regained anything like sound health after it was broken by camp fevers in the Civil War. But nothing could crush him or in any appreciable degree abate his wonderful industry. Head and heart triumphed over everything.

He had a wonderful memory, knew almost every poet, and could quote their finest pieces as if reading from their books. The beauty and manly strength of his character and his capacity for life-long sacrifice and devotion are displayed in his writings, but they showed still more tellingly in his conversation when his fine face was glowing with soul radium. Like every great-hearted poet, he was a nature lover and a charming companion on wave-embroidered shores and sunny hills and mountains. And it is with peculiar delight that I recall my walks with him on the Pasadena hills in the spring, and in sublime Yosemite.

When I took John Burroughs into the Valley two years ago we had the grand good fortune to find our beloved Browne there. He was suffering from one of his dreadful sick-headaches, and was unable to go to the hotel dinner table; so I managed to get something he wanted from the kitchen, and we all retired early to our rooms in the Big Tree Cottage and went to bed. Burroughs had a room to himself, while Browne and I occupied a larger one separated from John's only by a thin dry board partition, resonant as a fiddle, and which faithfully transmitted every word we spoke or sang. After the headache clouds had thinned and lifted a little, all bedroom rules, and even the great cliffs and waterfalls of the valley, were forgotten; and we began a glorious revel in Burns's poems, all of which we had by heart, reciting and singing for hours, and sadly interfering with John's regular habits, as repeated rappings and calls for sleep-silence testified. With lowered voices we then continued our grand revel, keeping down our merry humor fits as low as possible until far on toward the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," making a most memorable night of it. Beloved Browne was the only American I ever knew or heard of who had all of Burns by heart, and who understood him so thoroughly that he was able to enjoy the immortal poet almost as well as a veritable Scot.

As we grow old we cling all the more fondly to old friends; but Death takes them away just when our need of them is sorest. Within the last two years two of my Californian friends of the dear old leal sort have vanished, never to be seen again in this world of light. And now Beloved Browne has gone, and all California seems lonelier than ever. Surely no man was ever better loved, and his lovely friendship will abide with us until the end.

JOHN MUIR.

* This letter reached us only a day or so too late to be included with the other tributes to the memory of Francis Fisher Browne, contained in our last issue.—EDR.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A LIFE CROWDED WITH NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT in literature, science, politics, reform, commercial affairs, and other branches of activity, came to an end in the death, May 28, of Lord Avebury, better known to most of his thousands of readers as Sir John Lubbock, in the eightieth year of his age. Author of more than thirty books, some of them circulating to the extent of hundreds of thousands and translated into many foreign languages, Lord Avebury was nevertheless imperfectly educated, in the accepted sense of the term, being removed from Eton at fourteen by his father, who seems to have held in no high esteem the ordinary curriculum of Greek, Latin, and a smattering of a few other subjects. But though he entered the paternal banking house thus early, the boy contrived to educate himself in natural history and such other studies as appealed to his tastes, not excluding the principles of banking and finance. Darwin took an interest in the lad and persuaded his father to give him his first microscope when he was eight years old; and subsequent walks and talks with the great naturalist stimulated the boy's interest in botany and entomology, about which he was afterward to write so acceptably. But it was on the larger theme of human life, its uses and its pleasures, that his most popular and interesting books were written. From the long list of his published works a few only can here be selected for mention. "The Use of Life" has passed its 171st thousand; "The Pleasures of Life" has attained a circulation of 259,000 in its first volume, and 213,000 in its second; "The Beauties of Nature" is in its 85th thousand; "Prehistoric Times," "The Origin of Civilization," "British Wild Flowers," "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," "Flowers, Fruit, and Leaves," "The Senses, Instinct, and Intelligence of Animals," with other works of like sort, are widely read and enjoyed, both in his own country and abroad. In his thirty years in Parliament Lubbock procured the passage of many acts for the good of the people, such as the bank-holiday enactment, the bill amending the acts relating to free libraries, the Open Spaces Act, the Shop Hours Regulation Act, the Shop Seats Act, and others. Honors and university degrees and honorary memberships in learned societies came to him in profusion. In short, his range of activities and interests and his capacity for work were all but boundless.

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THE REVIVAL OF THE ART OF ORAL STORY-TELLING, as that art is encouraged and practiced by the conductor, or oftener conductress, of the children's story-hour, is cause for felicitation. The earliest mode of imaginative creation has now come to be also the latest, and hundreds of library workers and children's teachers are zealously cultivating their faculty for graphic and realistic oral narration. Evidence of the present increasing vogue of the story-teller is found not only in the story-hour which every up-to-date public library prides itself on maintaining, but also in the late noteworthy manuals devoted to the oral narrator's art. No fewer than five useful books on the subject have appeared in this country within the last six years, and four of these books date back only three years or less. As far as the literature of the subject may indicate, it would seem to be an American rather than a world-wide movement that we are now witnessing; and experience seems to show that the enduring favorites among the tales told to the young people are the age-old fairy stories and hero legends which have long since earned their right to be regarded as classic. Animal stories of later date, such as Mr. Kipling knows so well how to write, are also in demand. Naturally enough, the listeners show a disposition to become narrators on their part, too; and story-hours under the lead of one of the children are growing in favor. In one of the Boston schools, for example, the fifth and sixth grade teachers are encouraging the pupils to tell to the class the stories they themselves have heard at the public library or elsewhere. "Boys must have changed since I went to school," says the headmaster; but it is rather the methods than the boys that have changed. At any rate, he welcomes the innovation as tending to improve the English of the story-tellers, who happen to be largely of alien extraction.

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A NEW MASTER OF ENGLISH PROSE, one who seems to us to have achieved a greater degree of artistry and enchantment in this medium than any other since Pater, is to be welcomed in the author of "Sirenica," a little volume just from the press. Of this writer, Mr. W. Compton Leith, we know nothing other than that he is an Englishman whose name first appeared upon a title-page five years ago, when his "Apologia Diffidentis" was issued. The praise that we were almost the first to accord that remarkable book at the time of its appearance would be wholly inadequate to the merits of its successor, so greatly has the author grown in power and eloquence. "Sirenica" maintains as its thesis that the fabled song of the sirens was not one of sensual enticement, but rather the call of Romance, — "the high music of sedition" that leads men away from the tried and known paths of every day to the perilous heights of spiritual adventure in quest of "the imagined better thing." Despite mythology, the singers have never died, but their fatal music still sounds across the roar of things to-day as potently as when Odysseus strove desperately against his cords in the mad effort to follow its lure. Such is a suggestion of the theme that Mr. Compton Leith develops with a charm of thought and expression that seems to us of a very high order. His rhetoric is stately and dignified, his diction is rich in melody and color, his thought glows with the reflection of that inner ecstasy or passion in which all genuine literature finds its source. We have come upon no book in several years (with the possible exception of Francis

Thompson's essay on Shelley) which seems to us more akin to genius,—which carries on more worthily the splendid tradition of English prose. With a fitting regard to the enduring quality of its contents, the publishers have given the little book a material form of very unusual attractiveness and dignity.

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"Shirtsleeve literature" is the name applied by the "Wisconsin Library Bulletin" to a department of printed matter that certainly does not come under the heading "polite literature" or "belles lettres," but that is nevertheless full of interest, often attractive and even artistic in its material form, and has been known to engage the services of talented writers and first-rate illustrators. Just at present some admirable examples of this literature are being sent out by the great transportation companies to those busy with the problem of choosing the summer resort most conducive to their health and happiness during the approaching vacation. Sundry suggestions on the collection and use of shirtsleeve literature are quoted by the "Bulletin" from Miss Mary J. Booth, librarian of the State Normal School at Charleston, Illinois. Certain sorts of government and municipal publications, advertising pamphlets and booklets, railroad and steamship folders and handbooks, and other industrial and geographical material, are often rich in practical information and diversified with numerous and excellent illustrations, even though the latter may be only photo-engravings. From a four-page list prepared by Miss Booth of publications of this kind, we take a few specimen titles: "Alaska Glaciers and Ice-fields," issued by the Alaska Steamship Co.; "Argentine Republic," issued by the Pan-American Union; "The New Arizona," by the Southern Pacific R. R.; "Arkansas Homes and Harvests," by the Cotton Belt Route; "California," by the Rock Island Lines; "Crater Lake National Park," by the Interior Department; "Report on Hawaii," by the Bureau of Labor; "Occident is no Accident," by the Russell-Miller Milling Co. Of such sort is the abundant shirtsleeve literature obtainable at little or no expense by individuals and libraries, and often useful for educational purposes. Library picture collections can be advantageously added to from this source.

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What an autobiography ought not to be, according to the late John Bigelow, is exemplified in John Stuart Mill's justly famous account of his own life. Writing to his friend, George von Bunsen, soon after the publication of this remarkable work, Mr. Bigelow, as may be read in the fifth volume of his "Retrospections," just published, thus expressed his opinion of it: "Mill's autobiography was an act of suicide. But for that he would have left a reputation for which some might have envied him. But Providence has mercifully extinguished all interest in the man who could write his own life without mentioning that he had a mother, or alluding to brother or sister except once to complain of what he was required to do for them. He was an intellectual monster without being monstrously intellectual." This recalls Carlyle's opinion of the book, —"wholly the life of a logic-chopping engine, little more of human interest in it than if it had been done by a thing of macadamized iron." But contrast with this Carlyle's words to Charles Eliot Norton on hearing of Mill's death—as recorded in Norton's London diary and published in the current "Scribner's Magazine." "I never knew a finer, tenderer, more sensitive or modest soul among the sons of men. There never was a more generous creature than he, nor a more modest. He and I were great friends, an' when I was beginnin' to work on my 'French Revolution' there was no man from whom I got such help." In the same conversation amusing reference is made to the charm that Mrs. Taylor, whom Mill ultimately married, exerted upon him when "that man, who, up to that time, had never so much as looked at a female creature, not even a cow, in the face, found himself opposite those great dark eyes, that were flashing unutterable things while he was discoursin' the utterable consarnin' all sorts o' high topics." Finally, here is a part of what Norton himself wrote about Mill in his diary: "No man has done more than he in England to keep the standard of thought high, and its quality pure. Every man of thought, however he may have differed from him in opinion, has had an unqualified respect for Mill. My feeling for him has in it a very tender element mingled with respect." Considered as the book of a man in whom "Providence has mercifully extinguished all interest," the "Autobiography" has had an astonishing number of reprintings in various countries and languages.

* * *

Editorial frankness is surely not wanting in the candid explanation given by Colonel George Harvey for the transfer of "Harper's Weekly" to other editorial management and other publishers. "All, we suspect," he says in the issue of May 31, "will agree that more causes than one have contributed to the general result. Some friendly critics attribute it solely to poor editing, and goodness knows we would be the last to deny so obvious a fact as that we haven't been able to edit 'Harper's Weekly' well enough to make it pay. But when it comes to admitting, as some assert, that the 'Weekly' would be commercially as successful to-day as it was thirty years ago under Mr. Curtis and Thomas Nast if now directed by those men of talent, we have our doubts. Times have changed. The country was conservative and thoughtful in those days. Now it is radical and impetuous. The 'Weekly's' general policy has never veered. It has always stood for progress along cautious lines." That its publication has continued at a loss for twenty years, is a rather surprising announcement. We read further: "Too many periodicals get in one another's way. 'Harper's Magazine' and 'The North American Review,' both of which are prosperous, are all we need and all we can publish advantageously in

conjunction with our book business. I shall transfer my own editorial work from 'Harper's Weekly' to 'The North American Review,' beginning a series of articles in the July number, inaugurating a complete editorial department, 'comment' included, in the autumn." Mr. Norman Hapgood and the McClure Publications, it is reported, have purchased the "Weekly," and Mr. Hapgood will act as editor. His resumption of the editorial pen is cause for satisfaction to those who have already tasted the fruit of that pen when its holder was engaged in the conduct of "Collier's Weekly."

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THE ART OF THE ILLUMINATOR, one of the oldest as it is also one of the most beautiful of arts, is fast going the way of all individual processes that demand the exercise of patient and long-continued labor of a minute and exacting sort. That it is not yet extinct, however, is evidenced by a work recently exhibited in Chicago, in which the best traditions of the art found skilful exemplification. This work consists of a collection of tributes to the memory of John Plankinton, a prominent pioneer in the Western industrial field, the entire volume being engrossed on vellum and elaborately decorated in gold and colors by Mrs. S. S. Frackelton and her daughter. Of especial interest is the fact that instead of the usual rather meaningless or only broadly suggestive decoration usually employed by the illuminator, practically every design in this work has a directly literal or symbolic relation to the subject. Several years of almost continuous labor were necessary to carry the undertaking through to completion; but the result is a beautiful memorial which with proper care will endure for centuries. It seems to us that the larger public libraries might appropriately do something to revive and foster the art of the illuminator,—not only by arousing public interest and appreciation, but also by direct commissions to such artists as are available for work to become a part of the library's permanent collections. Certainly there could be few more interesting or fitting memorials in any library than such a volume as we have mentioned here, but devoted to a score or two of the foremost names in local history rather than to a single person.

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LIBRARY DOINGS IN DISTANT DALLAS are evidently keeping pace with the rapid growth of the community to which the Dallas Public Library ministers. From the annual report of the librarian, printed in the Dallas "Times-Herald," we learn that the library's shelf-room has been doubled by the recent addition of a two-story metal stack with a capacity of thirty-five thousand volumes, that the reference room has been enlarged, a municipal reference department started, new books purchased to the extent of the available funds, circulation increased, story-hour continued to the undoubted satisfaction of listeners and story-tellers, and that, in order to keep the Dallas library abreast of the times, its head, Miss Rosa M. Leeper, has visited the sister institutions in seven cities of the middle West, including Chicago, studying especially the methods of library extension there employed. That Dallas library-users are of an inquiring mind, wholesomely athirst for information, appears from Miss Leeper's account of the questions propounded in the reference department. "These questions," she says, "come through personal inquiry, by letter and by phone, and cover all imaginable subjects from the spelling of words and the naming of a baby to taxable values of corporations and chemical affinities." (Let us hope, parenthetically, that the taxable value of a chemical affinity was not among the problems to be wrestled with by the reference librarian.) Not least among the improvements planned by the Dallas library officials is an increase of library facilities for the colored people of the city.

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CONCERNING AN AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLAR OF TALENT, William Chase Greene by name, a Harvard graduate and now in his eighth term at Oxford, it is reported that, having won the famous Newdigate prize last year with a poem entitled "King Richard the First before Jerusalem," he has now captured the Charles Oldham prize with an essay on "The Sea in the Greek Poets." This latter prize, which amounts to about three hundred dollars, is awarded yearly to the writer of the best essay on a subject connected with Greek or Latin literature, the competition being open to all members of the university whose matriculation dates back not more than twenty-eight terms. Mr. Greene's achievements (which include also the honor of being chosen class odist by his Harvard class, and of delivering the Latin salutatory at graduation) reflect credit on his New England ancestry. He is a grandson of Mr. William L. Greene of Dorchester, for many years publisher of "The Congregationalist." His father is Professor Herbert E. Greene of Johns Hopkins University. To win a poetry prize that in the past has been awarded to such men as John Ruskin, Dean Stanley, and Matthew Arnold, is no small honor; to be the first American to do this adds to the distinction. That this Rhodes scholar will not succumb to an over-burden of academic honors, but will be heard from later in the larger competition that awaits him in the big world of letters, is the hope which one naturally cherishes after following thus far Mr. Greene's course as a student.

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AN UNGAINLY PLEONASM, heard not infrequently in speech, and met with even oftener in writing—and perhaps with rather greater frequency in English books than in American, though of this one cannot pronounce with certainty — is exemplified in the latest of those admirable language lessons contributed by Professor Lounsbury to "Harper's Magazine." In the course of his essay on "Linguistic Causes of Americanisms" in the June number, occurs this sentence: "Hence the verb would have been sure to have maintained itself in the language, even had it been an Americanism." This over-

emphasis of the preterite idea, if one may so call it, is all the more noticeable from its being immediately preceded by the remark that "language is always economical and cuts down, wherever practicable, unnecessary circumlocutions." The use of such word-wasting forms of expression as "he would have been glad to have seen you," instead of the simpler and perfectly adequate "he would have been glad to see you," strikes the ear with something of the awkwardness, something of the illogical quality, of the double negative where no affirmation is intended. Indeed, an analysis of the foregoing sentence reveals an unexpected closeness of analogy to the double negative. "He would have been glad to have seen you" must mean, strictly, "He would have been glad to have his interview with you over," or, in other words, he dreaded the interview and did not desire to see you; that is, he would have been sorry to see you — which is the exact opposite of what the speaker intended to say.

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THE VAST COMPANY OF WOULD-BE AUTHORS, or of near-authors, as they might prefer to be called, has its size brought home to us in such professional confessions as have recently been made by Mr. Reginald J. Smith, head of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., and editor of the "Cornhill Magazine." Mr. Brett's late "Atlantic" article on book-publishing has called attention to the disproportion between the yearly number of submitted manuscripts and published books — a ratio that excited some surprise and probably stirred an occasional doubt as to the accuracy of the figures given — and now Mr. Smith presents an exhibit even more astonishing. For the magazine in his charge there are annually read between twenty-five hundred and three thousand manuscripts, of which on an average only one in two hundred, or one-half of one per cent, is accepted. Apparently this does not include matter contracted for beforehand or furnished in the regular routine, since twelve or fifteen manuscripts would not go far in providing for a year's issue of the magazine. Of manuscripts offered to the firm for book publication, the number averages about six hundred a year, and of these somewhat less than two per cent are accepted. Few indeed are the chosen out of the many who feel themselves called to authorship, even if one allows for the possible acceptance elsewhere of works rejected by this or that or the other publisher. But when all other resources fail, the rejected author may always bring his book into being at his own expense — of course provided he is able to pay the printer. That such a course is in almost ninety-nine cases out of every hundred a foolish waste of money seems to have no effect on the ever-increasing output of these publications which have never been published.

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THE LIBRARIANS ABROAD, like the "Innocents," tend to flock together and go in special parties, though not always in especially chartered vessels, as did that cheerful company of sight-seers on the good ship "Quaker City." There comes to our notice the project of a European tour for the summer of 1914, designed for librarians and offering many attractive features. The Bureau of University Travel, of Boston, appears to be conferring with the Massachusetts Library Club concerning the details of such a tour, which of course is still far from being definitely decided upon. A part of the Bureau's letter to the President of the Club is as follows: "The purpose of the tour is to bring such people in touch with the best things of greatest interest pertaining to their chosen profession, with appropriate allowance for recreation and the usual sight-seeing in Europe. . . . I submit herewith a combination of three tours subject to your consideration, which may be revised to best suit conditions. . . . It is, of course, understood that the name of every person participating in this tour shall first have the approval of your Committee." The proposed itinerary includes the Azores, Algiers, Naples, Greece, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, the Italian lakes, Switzerland, Heidelberg, the Rhine, Cologne, Paris, London, Oxford, Stratford, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Liverpool — with the suggested omission of Greece and the Shakespeare country, or one of them, should a shorter tour be desired. Such persons as may find themselves interested in the foregoing, which is taken from the "Massachusetts Library Club Bulletin," are invited to communicate with the President of the Club, who is now Mr. Drew B. Hall, Librarian of the Somerville Public Library.

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SINOLOGY MADE EASY, or comparatively easy, to the western world would seem to be among the possibilities of the not too distant future, now that an alphabet of only forty-two characters has been adopted, to supersede the unwieldy system of ideograms (eight thousand or more in number) hitherto used by the Chinese for the literary expression of their thought. Of the forty-two characters, twenty-three are vowels and nineteen are consonants. The Greek, the Russian, and the Latin alphabets have been drawn upon to express some of these vowel sounds, but the extraordinary variety and peculiarity of the Chinese vowels seem to have made it impossible to find appropriate symbols in any existing alphabet, and hence a number of native characters had to be pressed into service. But even so, the alphabet is not so forbidding as to deter the linguist. Russian literature, well within the mastery of non-Russian students, is printed in an alphabet of thirty-five letters, and the Coptic alphabet (which, however, does not worry many of us) is nearly as rich. At all events, a dictionary of the Chinese language somewhat less bulky than an "Encyclopædia Britannica" ought soon to be an accomplished fact, and before long the western world may be reading Confucius in the original. The reform is a fitting accompaniment to the establishment of a republican government in place of the outworn monarchy.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A VENERABLE LIBRARY BUILDING, in such a manner as to preserve in fireproof material its present characteristic features while also materially enlarging its dimensions, is now going on in the thorough rehabilitation of the old Boston Athenæum in Beacon Street. Long and earnest has been the debate over the question of a new building or a reconstructed and enlarged old one; and, happily for the lovers of the historic and the picturesque, affection for the old has carried the day. With the addition of a sub-basement and two stories, and the substitution of durable steel and cement for perishable wood, care being taken to reproduce in facsimile the present famous reading-room, hallowed by memories of the great New England authors who in old times there pursued their studies, the building will be greatly improved for the uses to which it is devoted, and at the same time will not be very noticeably altered in plan and appearance. Its literary treasures will be rescued from the now imminent risk of destruction by fire, and in the process of rescue their daily use and enjoyment will not be interrupted. This simultaneous reconstruction and occupancy of a building, lately effected in the case of a great railroad terminal in New York, and some years earlier accomplished by another railroad in Philadelphia, is more of a novelty in the library world. The prosecution of this rather difficult work will be watched with interest.

COMMUNICATIONS.

POETRY AND THE OTHER FINE ARTS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Of the two correspondents who criticized the policy of "Poetry" and the judgment of its editor in your last issue, one seems to get so much pleasure out of his attack on contemporary poets that it would be a pity to interfere with his acrobatic exercise.

In the letter of the other correspondent I seem to discern a different tone, and it may serve as the text for a few reflections on the status of poetry in the public mind as compared with that of certain other arts.

Mr. Benét complains of "Poetry" because, in the first eight months of its existence, it has published only one poem to which he can give high praise, this one being "of very great distinction." Of course I might mention other poems which seem to me distinguished; but assuming for the moment that Mr. Benét is correct, may I not insist that the publication of even one poem "of very great distinction" in two-thirds of a year should be counted not poverty but riches, an achievement which quite justifies the existence of the magazine and pays for all the labor and capital that have gone into it.

I turn to the catalogue of our last autumn exhibition at the Art Institute, and look over the list of prize-winners since 1902, during which period, until last year, no prize was given in the United States for poetry. For three years the Potter Palmer gold medal and $1000 prize, founded in 1910, have been awarded to pictures which no critic has ever stated to be "of very great distinction," upon which, indeed, no superlatives have been expended. Of the eleven pictures which, since 1902, have won the Harris silver medal and $500, three or four might be called distinguished; but it is doubtful whether any one of these deserves the "very," as Sargent's portrait of Chase is not the best this painter can do, and Tarbell's "Girl Crochetting" is a perfect example of preciosity—a trivial subject turned out with the most exacting nicety,—a quality of which Mr. Benét accuses our magazine. And the four awards of the bronze medal and $300 continue the same story.

Ditto in Pittsburgh, where the prizes are still larger and the competition is international. Has any critic of standing given a superlative to Mr. Philpot's picture, which drew $1500 this year, or to that of Mr. Sims, which had the same luck last year? Indeed, can one find a single masterpiece in the whole list of Pittsburgh prize-winners since 1896, whether of the gold, silver, or bronze class?

Yet "Poetry," which aims to be an exhibition gallery for poets, is criticized if it does not, in the critic's opinion, print a masterpiece or two each month. Poems, paintings, statues, "of very great distinction," are not created often; meantime the lesser achievements in these arts — the vital and provocative experiments, the works which seem to embody some mood of beauty, the expressions of insight or inspiration which seem a-thrill and alive — these are entitled to the consideration of the public. They must have this consideration, the poet — the artist of any kind — must have a public to speak to, else his art cannot grow, he can not go on. The people must grant a hearing to the best poets they have, else they will never have better. The great periods in any art come only when great energy of creation meets equal energy of sympathy, — that is inexorable law.

"Poetry" endeavors, however imperfectly, to give the poet a chance to be heard, to gather together his public, and to reward him, though inadequately, for his work. It would like to give as many prizes as the Art Institute does, viz., nearly thirty a year, ranging from ten dollars to a thousand. It would like to pay its contributors so handsomely that a good poet could earn as fair a living as a good painter, or at least as fair as many bad painters who seem to support families without difficulty.

In these efforts the magazine is necessarily no wiser than its editors, whose judgment is far from infallible, and who assert merely their honesty of purpose and a certain training in the art. Others could doubtless do the work better; but no one else attempted it.

HARRIET MONROE, Editor of "Poetry."

Chicago, June 9, 1913.

HAUPTMANN AND THE NOBEL PRIZE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Permit me, as a Scandinavian, to correct an erroneous impression conveyed by Mr. W. H. Carruth's letter in your issue of June 1.

It is by no means true that the Nobel prize is awarded for a literary work of any single year, be it 1912 or 1913. It is awarded to authors whose *lifework* has gone in an absolute idealistic direction. Thus the Norwegian author Björnson won the prize "because his books revealed a spirit of singular purity."

In regard to Hauptmann, I will say that it is extremely probable that his name was decided upon before "Atlantis" was published.

The prize is awarded once a year,— that is the only way in which it is connected with the literature of the hour, heaven be praised! OLAF HEDDELAND.

Schenectady, N. Y., June 6, 1913.

The New Books.

A Many-Sided Philanthropist.*

Mrs. Barrows's choice of a title, "A Sunny Life," for her biography of her husband, is a happy one. Through his many-sided personality the white radiance of eternity seemed to shine as through Shelley's dome of many-colored glass. Rich and varied were his gifts of mind and heart, and with them all he was the embodiment of that joyous faith in the eternities and the immutabilities that gives to life its noblest significance and takes away from death its bitterest pang.

Samuel June Barrows was born of poor parents on the 26th of May, 1845, in Columbia Street, on the lower East Side of New York City. His father, Richard Barrows, cousin to Richard Hoe of printing-press fame, and employed in his factory, was taken from his family when Samuel, one of five brothers and sisters, was but three years old. The widow supported her little ones and herself as best she could, chiefly by making shoe-blacking, according to a precious recipe brought from England, in small quantities for a restricted circle of customers; and in this domestic industry the children helped her until they were old enough to find other and better employment. At eight years of age the school education of him with whom we are here concerned came to an end, partly by reason of an illness that made close confinement inadvisable, and soon afterward he obtained employment suitable to his strength and ability in his prosperous cousin's printing-press works at a weekly wage of one dollar, of which one cent went to him as his very own and was usually dropped into the contribution plate at church. However, despite this excess of virtue in the boy, and notwithstanding his early engagement in evangelistic labors along the wharves and among the sailors, heaven did not claim him in his tender years, but spared him for a half-century more of increasing usefulness on earth. The mastery of shorthand and of telegraphy, with the acquisition of a correct and forceful literary style, helped him to a succession of good positions as private secretary and in journalism; and his early marriage to a woman almost as gifted and capable as himself still further advanced his fortunes at the same time that it assured him a singularly happy and beautiful home life. Emancipation from the fetters of an outworn creed was followed by preparation for the Unitarian ministry at the Harvard Divinity School. The pulpit of the Meeting House Hill Church at Dorchester was then offered to him and accepted, but after four years of distinguished service there he felt reluctantly compelled to accept a call to the editorship of "The Christian Register," which, with the volunteer coöperation of Mrs. Barrows, he conducted for sixteen years. Next came a term in Congress, miscellaneous literary work, the secretaryship of the Prison Association of New York, travels abroad and at home in the interest of prison reform, and a zealous participation in countless other good works, until at the age of sixty-four a fatal attack of pneumonia ended his labors on earth.

What impresses one most in the life so prematurely closed is the rare union of brilliant literary, scholarly, and artistic gifts with moral endowments of the highest order. In any one of numerous departments — in literature, scholarship, music, in the ministry, in social reform, in journalism, in public life, or in some administrative business office — he was qualified to achieve a more than ordinary success. There seemed to be nothing that he could not do, except that which was base, as his co-workers were wont to declare of him. But it is probably as a penologist of enlightened vision and great practical ability that he will be longest remembered. Next to that might well be cherished in memory his entire independence and fearlessness as a member of Congress, and his splendid work there in behalf of wise legislation. Of course it was his very uprightness, so out of alignment with the crookedness of political methods, that brought about his defeat when he offered himself for reëlection.

As there is space here for but a few short extracts from this admirable biography of a brilliantly gifted man, and as it is one's everyday habits that best indicate one's quality, we select for quotation a passage or two that will both bring Mr. Barrows into nearer view and convey at least a suggestion of his range of interests and tastes and abilities. Midway in her narrative Mrs. Barrows says of him:

"Whatever people about him were doing he liked to learn to do. Thus he learned to make nets, and many a hammock for baby, or doll, or friend, still remains to show his kindness as well as his skill. Chess and draughts he could play well, but found them more expensive in nerve power than he could afford. Cards he thought a waste of time. There was one homely game in which his nimble fingers made him *facile*

* A Sunny Life. The Biography of Samuel June Barrows. By Isabel C. Barrows. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

princeps. Many a one, old and young, I have seen him challenge, and he was always the winner. That was the old classic game of jackstones. I even saw him once when playing with real 'knuckle bones' in Greece, where they have played it since Homer's days. Pebbles, beans, bones, iron 'jacks,'— it was all the same to him. It seemed as if his fingers were India rubber and could be turned backward or forward as occasion demanded. One day, while we were waiting for a belated street-car, some small boys were playing jackstones on the pavement. He laid down his book-bag and in his happy, genial way, stepping over among them, began to play with them, teaching them some of the New York variations of his own street childhood: 'helping the lady over the stile,' 'putting the horse in the stable,' 'skunks,' etc. Our car came along, and that was the end of the lesson. But a few days later, at the same corner, we heard a youngster say, as he recognized my husband, then a United States Congressman: 'That's the feller that interduced "skunks" inter Dorchester!' Such is contemporary fame!"

Again, the following serves well to show us the man as music-lover and musician. Barred from a liberal education in his youth, he not only mastered many languages and other branches of learning in later life, but he took up music in mature manhood, learned to play the flute, acquired proficiency in singing, and then made himself at home with the pipe-organ. In his wife's words:

"Not only with his voice, but with his fingers, did my husband elicit music. For several years he studied composition and harmony and enjoyed the science of it. He wrote several hymns and composed words as well as music, but it was not till he was fifty that he gave up the flute and began the piano. He used laughingly to say that he was tired of blowing into a hollow stick. One day I went with him to help him select a suit of clothes, a duty he always expected of me. As we walked along he said he wished we were going to select a parlor organ instead. 'Very well,' I said, 'wear your old clothes and have the organ.' So we passed Rogers Peet and brought up on Fifth Avenue at an organ store, and the price of the clothes down and ten dollars a month later soon made it his! In a surprisingly short time he was playing all the tunes in our ordinary hymn-book. . . .

"The next morning I stole round to St. George's chapel, where he went always from eight to nine in the morning. I followed the call of organ notes and slipped in behind him on an empty bench, and my heart ran riot with sympathetic joy as I saw his happiness. Slowly and painstakingly he was playing Handel's Largo, quite alone as he supposed, but his whole soul was in it. When he had finished he reverently closed the organ and turned to go. '*You* here?' he cried with pleasure. But I could not see him for the mist in my eyes."

Here is a glimpse of the penologist, orator, and linguist, at a dinner of the Seventh International Prison Congress at Budapest, in 1905:

"The last night there was a banquet and a chance to use the carefully prepared and memorized speech. He had the seat of honor at the raised official table, and as I was next to him, I could look down and over the sea of faces in that big banquet hall and watch their surprised expression as he slipped from his French opening into simple but perfectly understandable Hungarian. Then they began to cheer, as only Hungarians can. And as he told how, when he was a little boy, his mother lifted him to her shoulder in the streets of New York that he might see Kossuth pass by, I thought the roof would come off. They banged the dishes, jumped to their feet, on to the chairs, and some of the more enthusiastic at the rear of the hall on to the tables, and shouted and pounded for some minutes, before he was allowed to go on. It was only a ten-minute address, but it won their hearts, and the next morning it appeared in every paper throughout Hungary."

In closing, we cannot do better than to quote a few words from Rabbi Wise's tribute to Mr. Barrows at a largely attended memorial service conducted by the Prison Association of New York.

"Few men have lived of whom it might more truly have been said than it may be said of Samuel June Barrows that the world was his country and all mankind his countrymen, 'and every man, especially every oppressed man, a brother.' If this cosmic man was capable of partiality or preference, it was revealed in devotion to land or lands where liberty was not, where the high boon of freedom was yet to be won. In his love of justice and in the justness of his love, he had 'circumnavigated the seas of philanthropy,' literally as well as spiritually, resting charity upon the immutable foundations of justice, and benevolence upon the everlasting rock of brotherhood."

Mr. Barrows is fortunate in his biographer—a writer of acknowledged charm, of long experience with the pen, and of course more intimately familiar with her husband's public and private life than any other one person could be. And she is fortunate in her subject—a theme worthy of both her literary skill and her woman's insight and sympathy. Yet it is no mere eulogy of the deceased that she has given us. Four years have passed since his death, and they have been turned to good account in making as full and authoritative as possible this history of his life and work. Portraits and other illustrations, with appended matter and index, help to round out its completeness. PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ROME THE MAGNIFICENT.*

In spite of the elaborate and learned histories of various periods of Roman history, from Niebuhr down to Ferrero, there has remained room for a comprehensive story of the greatest military and political power the world has ever known. To accomplish this within the compass of a single volume of 316 pages, with no

*THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME. A Survey of Roman Culture and Civilization. By J. C. Stobart, M. A. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

sacrifice of color or perspective, has been the task set for himself by Mr. J. C. Stobart, late lecturer in history in Trinity College, Cambridge. The author's equipment and method were favorably inferred from his previous work, "The Glory That Was Greece," published two years ago. The somewhat *ad captandum* titles, taken from Edgar Allan Poe's "To Helen," are perhaps suitable enough to the scope of the books, — a survey of Hellenic and Roman culture and civilization; and incidentally reflect the high esteem which Poe has always enjoyed in England.

But within this limit there has run another and a corrective purpose. Mr. Stobart does not hesitate to bring the charge of being *Tendenzschriftsteller* against the ancients, Livy and Tacitus, Diodorus and Polybius.

"Diodorus of Sicily was seeking mainly to flatter the claims of the Romans to a heroic past. Polybius, the trained Greek politician of the second century B. C., was writing Roman history in order to prove to his fellow-Greeks his theory of the basis of political success. Livy was seeking a solace for the miseries of his own day in contemplating the virtues of an idealized past. Tacitus, during an interval of mitigated despotism, strove to exhibit the crimes and follies of autocracy. Edward Gibbon too (I write as one who cannot change trains at Lausanne without emotion) saw the Empire from the standpoint of eighteenth century liberalism and materialism. Theodor Mommsen made Rome the setting for his Bismarckian Cæsarism, and, finally, M. Boissier has enlivened her by peopling her streets with Parisians."

Against these Mr. Stobart strongly urges his own thesis — probably the compelling reason for his writing the book. Briefly, it is as follows:

"The Republic was a mere preface. The Republic till its last century did nothing for the world, except to win battles whereby the road was opened for the subsequent advance of civilization. Even the stern tenacity of the Roman defence against Hannibal, admirable as it was, can only be called superior to the still more heroic defence of Jerusalem by the Jews, because the former was successful and the later failed. From the Republican standpoint Rome is immeasurably inferior to Athens."

This is a pretty severe arraignment of the pioneer era, of the "hard-knocks" people who steadily prepared the way "for the subsequent advance of civilization"; and will hardly change the current of admiration for the fathers who did things, as against the Cæsars who gradually lost their grip.

We naturally turn with interest to what Mr. Stobart has to say of the first of the Cæsars — "the foremost man of all this world," the imposing figure that stands between the Republic and the Empire. The reaction from Mommsen's idolatry reached its extreme in Ferrero's picture "of his greatest fellow-countryman as an unscrupulous demagogue who blundered into renown through treachery and bloodshed." And now once more we are to revise our opinion of the mighty Julius. Mr. Stobart, conceding Cæsar's greatness, appraises it with epigrammatic candor:

"Without making him a demigod, we ought to be able to see his greatness. . . . It is probable that from a very early age he was ambitious, and his family connections clearly marked out his career as a democrat. He had the failure of Sulla before his eyes. The greatness of his character lay chiefly in an instinctive hatred for muddle and pretence. From the first, I think, he was aiming at power for himself in order to put things straight. Whether self or country came first in his calculations, it is hard, perhaps impossible, to determine; but the historian is not necessarily a cynic when he demands strong proof of altruism in the world of politics."

When it comes to the question of credit for the creation of the Roman Empire, we are quite prepared to see Mr. Stobart carefully lift the laurel from the first Cæsar and place it on that of his "chilly and statuesque" grand-nephew Octavianus, otherwise known as Augustus:

"Julius Cæsar had failed through pride. When he fell, the whole dreary round of proscriptions, triumvirates, and civil wars had to begin again. The inevitable monarchy had to be devised afresh on a different basis: that was the task of Augustus. He devised it in such a manner that it lasted in the West for just five centuries, and in the East for nearly fifteen. Indeed, it can hardly be said to be totally extinct now in the twentieth. Judged by results then, the work of Augustus was clearly a consummate piece of statesmanship. When we consider the methods by which that result was obtained, we shall, I think, esteem Augustus as the greatest statesman in the history of the world."

Augustus's long reign of practically forty-five years was one of organizing and upbuilding the imperial power on the decrepit framework of the Republic. Cool, cautious, but determined, he gradually drew into his own hands, as Tacitus says, "the functions of the senate, the magistrates and the laws." His military achievements, important as some of them were, could not but stand in penumbra, if not in eclipse, when compared with those of Cæsar. Moreover, Augustus suffers from the lack of any great biographer or historian, ancient or modern: *caret sacro vate*. We know what Augustus found, and we know what he left; but the continuous tale of what he was doing and how he did it from year to year of his almost half-century of power, remains less than half told. To supply in part this deficiency, as well as to establish his thesis of the supremacy of Augustus, Mr. Stobart's two chapters on Augustus and Augustan Rome occupy one quarter of the entire book,

and are easily its best written portion. Again he does not hesitate to say:

"The ancient historians prefer to record small victories over barbarian tribes, or the petty gossip of the Roman streets, while they have little to say about the tireless administration which in one generation transformed the Roman world from a horrible chaos into that scene of peace and prosperity shown to us in the pages of Strabo and Pliny. So while our eyes are fixed upon the sins and follies of Roman emperors and courtiers, until we get an impression of rotten tyranny conducted according to the caprice of monsters and fools, all the time the greater part of Europe was advancing in peace to a state of general culture and civilization such as it had never known before, and such as it never knew again until the nineteenth century."

We must not forget the sub-title — "a survey of Roman culture and civilization." Mr. Stobart has little good to say of the literature and art of the Republic; after appreciative sketches of Cicero, Livy, and Lucretius, and of such relics of Republican architecture as the Tabularium and the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, his conclusion is as follows:

"On the whole, the verdict must go against Rome — at any rate republican Rome — as regards artistic originality. The Rome of Cicero's day was amazingly rich and dreadfully poor. It had a high culture in some respects, but it was too corrupt, morally and politically, to produce good work of its own. If there had been any possible rival in the field, Rome would assuredly have perished in the course of that distracted century (the first before Christ). If she had perished then, what would she have left to the world? A few second-hand comedies, Lucretius and Cicero; a small equivalent for all the blood that she had shed, and all the groans of her provincials."

Without its illustrations, the book would be good, even fascinating, reading, as any short extract from it would show. But with them the grandeur that was Rome is adequately visualized; and so, in the words of the author, "the pictures are an integral part of my scheme." About a hundred fine plates in photogravure, collotype, and half-tone give some idea of the Roman greatness in architecture and portrait sculpture. Baalbek and Palmyra in the East, Timgad in Africa, Italy, Provence, and Spain — all are represented by familiar, and unfamiliar, buildings, statues, and busts. The list of illustrations, too, contains a description of each picture, leaving the reader in no doubt as to the location, date, and significance of the subjects.

Several maps, a limited bibliography, a chronological summary, and a good index, complete the usefulness of this sumptuous volume, which, notwithstanding its tone of *parti pris*, may possibly be placed at the head of the list as "best general work" on ancient Rome.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

THE DRAMAS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN.*

Professor Lewisohn's faithful and sympathetic English translations of Gerhart Hauptmann's plays show a true appreciation of the fine poetic quality in the work of Germany's greatest present-day dramatist, as well as a rare knowledge of the subtleties of the German language and of its perplexing dialects. He helps us understand the large humanity which is Hauptmann's basic creed, and he guides us unerringly through occasional mazes of symbolism.

Hauptmann is not a standard-bearer for any ism or literary cult, nor the exponent of a subversive moral philosophy. He states the facts of life simply and profoundly, because he has a divinatory understanding of what the time-spirit demands, and of the revolutionary forces that are stirring beneath the surface of contemporary life.

In his first sociological drama, "Before Sunrise," he voices a plea for the children whose right to be well-born and well-reared has been denied them. Its *première* in 1889 was the scene of wildly contesting opinions. It roused the public as well as the critics to indignant protest. How could a mere stripling dare to reveal the mystery and the tragedy in that threatening dictum, "the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children"? Ibsen had done this two decades before; and a horrified public had rebelled, only to be convinced later that nothing could silence the intrepid Norwegian's protests against the social order. More deeply even than its purpose, the crass realism of the drama offended the critics. If they had been able to sense its dominant *motif*,— Helene's plea for her right to a heritage of moral and physical health in her pitiful struggle against her environment, — it would have meant more to them than a disclosure of conveniently concealed wrongdoing.

Hauptmann found inspiration in his native heath, its people, its folk-lore, and most of all in its social needs. His early environment shaped his attitude toward our perplexing social problems. Stirring tales of the Silesian weavers and of the injustice of the economic conditions under which they labored were recalled at the bidding of his genius. The terrible climax in 1844, when the hatred in the hearts of the miserable weavers against their oppressors incited them to lawless deeds, furnished the subject-matter for his drama, "The Weavers." History verifies the

* THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

facts upon which Hauptmann bases this magnificent depiction of a hopeless revolt. The sullen brutality of certain types is revealed with grim truth, and yet the drama conveys its own spiritual message in its appeal for social betterment.

Neither "The Beaver Coat" nor "The Conflagration" are good stage plays. As reading dramas they are unique,—principally so through their portrayal of the hypocritical, thieving, and cleverly unscrupulous Mrs. Wolff-Fielitz. Here Hauptmann's predilection for psychological analysis has ample scope. Hogarth's satiric pencil might have done justice to the types he portrays, and the lives some of them are forced to lead as the dupes of a designing woman.

Volume II. of the new collected edition contains three dramas of social revolt. "Drayman Henschel" is a sombre picture of the undoing of an honest, simple-minded man through the misdeeds of a woman. "Rose Bernd," a drama of compelling force, excels in the poignant note of its moral preachment: a well-grounded protest against the accepted code of condemning women for the same moral lapses which we condone in men. In Rose's case those who denied her right to be lovingly and justly dealt with are even more to blame for her crime than our inconsistent social laws. The girl's despairing cry, "No one has ever loved me enough!" implies a terrible accusation. The invalid wife of the man who caused the girl's downfall is one of the finest characters in Hauptmann's marvellous gallery of women. Her heart goes out to the sorely-tried girl in an agony of sympathy; and by conquering the revolt in her own soul, she tries to befriend her. Hauptmann is temperamentally akin to Tolstoi. Like the great Russian in "The Power of Darkness," he lights an abyss of guilt and despair with a ray of divine pity. He has a splendid comprehension of the disturbing issues that are unsettling time-honored standards, and his understanding sympathy guides his pen when he pictures the soul agonies of men and women who lack the strength to battle against temptation.

Strindberg, the arch-naturalist, tells us that "the true, the great naturalism seeks out those points of life where the greatest conflicts occur. It loves to see what is not to be seen every day. It rejoices in the battle of elemental powers, whether they be called love or hatred, noble or revolting instincts. It cares not whether they be beautiful or ugly, so that they be only great." In Hauptmann's naturalistic dramas this element of greatness predominates. Since "Before Dawn" made dramatic history, he has entered a new poetic realm in his best-known drama, "The Sunken Bell," and in "The Assumption of Hannele," with results that have established his fame as a poet. But, after all, he excels in the bold and subtle depiction of souls struggling for light. Often, as in "The Rats," his lurid pictures of moral degradation obscure his idealistic outlook. This Berlin "tragi-comedy" deals with all sorts and conditions of burrowing, sneaking humanity, who are living in moral darkness. The piteous, impelling motive in the drama is a lonely, heart-hungry woman's longing to call a child her own. She adopts the illegitimate offspring of a poor emigrant girl and passes it off as her child. Contrary to the bargain they made, the girl demands her child back, under threats of telling the truth about it. The woman then casts caution and reason to the winds, and begins to enmesh herself in a web of crime and deceit, until at last she ends her life in despair. The grey background of actuality, darkened by human derelicts and failures, is brightened by the poor creature's mother-love.

We realize the autobiographical note in Hauptmann's great symbolic fairy drama, "The Sunken Bell." Written after the failure of the kaleidoscopic historic play, "Florian Geyer," it is a despairing confession of his own inability to reach the heights,—a stage at which every great artist gives us of his best. The bell, which sounds in the valley, but not on the heights, where mortal man tries in vain to live, untrammelled by duties and conventions, can never ring harmoniously until man is strong enough to subordinate his material desires to his idealistic aims. Aside from its symbolic significance, this drama must be classed as the best of German poetic fantasies. The verse is beautiful, and the author opens vistas of pantheistic life that make his fairy world seem very real to us.

Hauptmann's vindictive *J'accuse!* is the keynote of "Hannele," a thrilling revelation of cruelty, poverty, and the transfiguring faith of childhood. The drama ranks high as an imaginative dream poem, and it reflects its author's humanitarian point of view as regards the children of the poor,—their misery, their longings, and their comforting faith.

Continued success often hampers the creative artist in his efforts to give expression to the problems which a struggling world presents to him. Under the spell of his own creations his ideal is likely to lead him astray, on paths that promise glory for little effort. Production becomes too easy. In Hauptmann's case the

two comedies, "The Maids of the Mount" and "Schluck and Jan," as well as the bewildering glassworks fable, "And Pippa Dances," typify this transition stage.

The drama, "Lonely Lives," is dedicated to those who have lived them,— and they are legion, though most of them avert the tragical outcome by their stoic acquiescence. "The tragedy of life is in not knowing the tragedy in our lives." When the young are set at variance with the old because they try to readjust their lives to their enlarged vision and to the demands of a changing world, conflicts are bound to occur. John Vockerat rebels against a paternalism that warps and stunts his better self, and against the submissiveness and utter self-effacement of a wife who does not understand his aims. The climax comes when the woman who is destined to be his true soulmate appears on the scene. It is this woman of advanced ideas who flies from the responsibility which a union with him would have imposed on her. "You have broken me!" is his accusation against his parents and his wife when death seems his only refuge. Of such is the kingdom of tragic failures!

Only the Superman, "the symbol of humanity raised to its highest power," can feel the right pity for his fellow-man, according to Friedrich Nietzsche. Pity for the weak he considers harmful, inasmuch as it aids in spreading a cult of misery. Nietzscheism is a powerful factor in shaping the trend of thought in Germany to-day, since its principles are no longer questions of casuistry, but part of the ethics of our common life. Hauptmann exemplifies this conception of pity most significantly in "Michael Kraemer," the soul tragedy of an erratic old artist, magnificently strong in his allegiance to the highest ideals of his art, but pitiably weak in his human relations. His daughter Michaline is a Superwoman in her understanding of his aims, and in her pity for the mediocre talent which can never achieve the ideal he strives for. In this splendid girl Hauptmann lays bare the very soul-fibres of the modern woman, with her longing for freedom from all fetters and for the unhampered development of her individuality.

"Our Colleague Crampton" is the story of a dissolute genius, led back to a life of decency by his daughter, whose pity for his vagaries is a result of her unswerving devotion, after his wife has left him.

Peace as the dream of the future of a warring family is the theme of "The Reconciliation." An ill-considered marriage is the basis of all the trouble, and an unselfish girl's pitying love redeems one son, and will probably bring about a life of content. Hauptmann's clairvoyant vision makes him probe deep in revealing these conditions in modern family life.

Few of the legends which have enriched the folk-lore of the world carry their human appeal as directly as do the epic poems of the troubadours. Hauptmann's unusual dramatic version of "Henry of Aue" casts this entrancing tale of the soul-woes of an erring man and the regenerative power of unselfish love into a sympathetic modern form. Its portrayal of the superstitions and abounding faith of mediæval life and its true reflection of the eternally human are determining factors in predicting immortality for this great epic.

Boccaccio's Griselda legend has furnished the theme for many fanciful tales. Hauptmann modernizes Griselda in a way to bring her close to us. Her revolt against mediæval conditions of tyranny in marriage is quite like the modern woman's rebellion against what she considers hindrances to her cherished dream of self-fulfilment.

Men and women of the modern subversive type, in a setting full of contrasts and conflicts, challenge Hauptmann's genius for naturalistic portrayal in the five-act prose drama, "Gabriel Schilling's Flight." The vampire of ultra-modern propensities is depicted as one of those trouble-breeding affinities who are becoming more and more dangerous in this day of unsettling moral precepts.

If we look upon Gerhart Hauptmann as a world poet, one whose magic art reflects the changing currents of thought in his own country,— a country whose literary standards are helping to formulate ideals the world over,— this new English edition of his dramas ought to hold a promise for closer spiritual communion in the future, through this interpretation of some of the greatest works in modern literature.

AMALIE K. BOGUSLAWSKY.

A PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION.*

When a novelist and dramatist of such distinction as Mr. John Galsworthy addresses his audience in the first person through a volume of essays, his utterance has of course the interest that attaches to any confession of a successful practitioner. But Mr. Galsworthy's new volume is not so much a confession as an exposition,

*THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY. Studies and Essays by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

more direct than his novels and dramas, of his philosophy; for all his books are permeated by a philosophy deeply rooted in human nature. These essays, therefore, as well as giving intensity and definiteness to our appreciation of his fiction, are an exposition of a type of mind and philosophy.

The enchanting first part of the volume, "Concerning Life," is a series of studies based on incidents of varying interest and power but always thought-provoking. Merest trifles are here brought into the centre of attention, examined, and found possessed of profound significance. Here we find Galsworthy the artist as well as the thinker. One reads and re-reads with delight such prose poems as "Magpie Over the Hill," a poignant tale of sacred and profane love; or "Riding in Mist," a lyric of strange exaltation in presence of danger; or "Romance—Three Gleams." The thorough thoughtfulness, the delicate sensitiveness, the complete expression of these sketches give them rare distinction.

In the second section, "Concerning Letters," although the meditative essay mood prevails and gives charm and intimacy, the purpose of the author seems to be to develop in a more systematic way his philosophy of literature. His magic word is Truth. He does not mean that the purpose of fiction is to teach, to give facts, or indeed that it should have any purpose at all. To use his own figure, the novelist is as a lantern-bearer in a dark street, who directs people neither in one direction nor another, who is not criticizing the condition of the street, who has no word of praise or condemnation for anything, but who is merely bringing light into the street that people may see things as they are. Let the novelist or dramatist but sincerely attempt to tell the truth, and the public will all the more surely take to themselves, even though with much resistance and discomfort, the moral contained therein. If the story is true it has a moral, for "every grouping of life and character has its inherent moral." Detachment is therefore essential to the artist. He must worship Truth in an impersonal way, not for any immediate practical purpose.

> "It is certain that to the making of good drama, as to the practice of every other act, there must be brought an almost passionate love of discipline, a white-heat of self-respect, a desire to make the truest, fairest, best thing in one's power; and that to these must be added eyes that do not flinch. Such qualities alone will bring to a drama the selfless character which soaks it with inevitability."

Such is the demand truth-telling fiction makes upon the writer. In what mood is the reader to receive it, and how is it to serve him? To liberate one from himself, to help him out of his own personality with its limitations and wants, into the realm of the impersonal, where Perfection reigns, is the pleasant function of art.

> "For, what is grievous, doubting, grim, about our lives is that we are shut up within ourselves, with an itch to get outside ourselves. And to be stolen away from ourselves by Art is a momentary relaxation from that itching, a minute's profound, and as it were secret enfranchisement. The active amusements and relaxations of life can only rest certain of our faculties, by indulging others; the whole self is never rested save through that unconsciousness of self, which comes through rapt contemplation of Nature or Art."

There is a compelling charm in this philosophy of the impersonal, a charm which belongs to every work of art that can be called perfect. One feels the same sense of security in the completeness and finality of Plato's world of Ideas. It is this detachment, the essence of the æsthetic attitude, that is so much cultivated by the more ambitious contemporary artists in fiction. Personal energism here gives way "to the philosophy that craves perfection, to the spirit that desires the golden mean, and hankers for the serene and balanced seat in the centre of the see-saw."

But while there is no denying the attractiveness of this philosophy of perfection, one hesitates to yield fully to it. It recognizes, after all, only the values of Truth and Beauty. There is no place for the "glory of the imperfect," the denial of which leads to a subtle pessimism observable in Mr. Galsworthy and others, and erroneously attributed by them to despair as regards truth. There is a form of pessimism due to atrophied spiritual nature, to lack of sympathetic activity among men. Euripides, Shakespeare, and Ibsen, as Mr. Galsworthy says, have been accused of pessimism because they have bravely told truth, held the mirror up to nature. He is almost ready to measure greatness by the intensity of the charge of pessimism. But these are truly great men, not even directly in proportion to their passion for Truth, indispensable as that is for a great man, but in proportion to their creative power and depth of understanding.

Mr. Galsworthy's temperament is essentially of the critical and disciplinary type. His severity of thought and taste is especially welcome in an age continually running rampant in religion and art. To discipline must be admitted a worthy service. And yet, one must ask, would it have been a greater achievement to inspire?

LOUIS I. BREDVOLD.

Rambles in Andalusia.*

Southern Spain looks to-day like a vast garden,—and so probably it has looked for a thousand years, which is about the period since the Moors began to cultivate it. Mr. Paul Gwynne writes of this delightful region in his new volume, "Along Spain's River of Romance," calling it the Tarshish of the Bible, and doubting the sanity of Jonah who chose this heaven-blessed land in which "to flee from the presence of the Lord." At any rate the district is to-day still primitive, romantic, and unspoiled for the curious traveller.

To gather his material the author has carried out the novel plan of following the length of a great river valley, finding such a route "more natural than lines of latitude and longitude and far more sympathetic than a railway." He chooses the valley of the Guadalquivir, which stretches from the eastern heights of the peninsula entirely across Andalusia to the western coast. Travelling mule-back with an able and most companionable guide, he journeys leisurely along this "passionate" valley—a direct contrast to his own "chaste" Thames—and visits many little-known towns, such as Villacarrillo, Ubeda, Baeza, Torralba, Menjíbar, Andúja, Bujalance.

Account of the daily happenings, the thoughts suggested by these happenings, and occasional chapters on native customs make up the book. Many passages, written on the spot, bring the scenes described vividly before us. Thus the sweltering heat and terrific dust of an Andalusian mid-day are depicted as follows:

"We sought every morsel of shade that was to be found by the way: if only a telephone pole threw its slim shadow along the road, Angel duly steered his mule along the shadow. . . . Every time his mule passed mine it would exchange a glance of deep sympathy with the animal that I rode, whilst my own beast would sigh profoundly and look fixedly ahead as who should say, 'In the far future it will not always be like this. Some day a biped with intelligence will ride me. He will beat me perhaps, and twist my tail, but he will do it in the shade—not in this furnace of flies.' . . . There were three square inches of shade under an acacia opposite, and we leapt or rather descended, from our mules with what alacrity was vouchsafed to us, and tied them to the tree. I distinctly saw Angel's beast shrug his shoulders. My own steed looked up and down the village once only, then closed its eyes. . . . There was no footpath, just nothing but a road so deep in dust that rats could have burrowed along without your seeing them."

The delightful leisure of this unhurried part of the world is indicated in the following:

"Whilst the barber lathers you, the man who awaits your sent appears to regard the respite as a gift of providence. He spreads himself mentally and physically, to enjoy the golden hour in conversation and a cigarette. He offers his tobacco-case to your barber, who pauses to avail himself of the courtesy. Each chats and makes himself a cigarette. Something attracts their attention in the square below, and they go to the window. . . . The barber and your eventual supplanter draw in their heads with a sigh. There is not sufficient matter in the street for comment, but at least it is good to have looked out upon a world so well sunned and watered, and to have drawn in a breath of such solid satisfaction.

"The barber now begins to strop his razor, whilst the other person opens out a paper and puts up his legs on a vacant chair."

The value and charm of Mr. Gwynne's book consist in just such fresh impressions as these, and also in definite information concerning out-of-the-way places gathered at first-hand. We are told that Quesada lies too high for oranges to flourish, but that the olive thrives there and that oil is made. Also that Montoro produces the finest quality of oil, and that nearly two million olive trees surround the town. Everything seen is recorded with great minuteness. Trees and plants are named,—date palms, oranges, lemons, loquats, pepper trees, pines, evergreen oaks, cork trees, walnuts, poplars, and many others. If Mr. Gwynne enters a house he gives us a description of the furnishings. The people met are duly questioned, and their conversation dutifully set down.

"A boy had just filled two great earthen bottles with water and was strapping them on to a donkey's back when we arrived, the donkey browsing in spite of jerks and tugs at the straps.

"We asked him what sort of people they were in Morente and El Carpio. He said that the inhabitants of Morente were honest enough folk, very decent in fact. But those of El Carpio were known in all the countryside for their treacherous and lying nature; they had a notoriety that stank ten leagues off. I asked him where he came from. He said that, thank God, he was born in Morente, whither he set the head of his donkey soon afterwards, and went off singing to himself."

Numerous legends, popular tales, and superstitions are interestingly woven into the record of every-day happenings. A number of chapters describe particular Spanish types or customs. Thus we find detailed accounts of the characteristics of the *señorito flamenco*, the *majo*, and the *niños de la mena*, as well as a full discussion of the *capa*, in love, in war, and in many more of its 33,944 uses. It is pleasant to note, on account of the rarity of the occurrence in English books, that Spanish words are spelled and used correctly.

Mr. Gwynne's account of the geological upheavals which separated Spain from Africa and formed the existing mountains and valleys may

*Along Spain's River of Romance. (The Guadalquivir.) By Paul Gwynne. Illustrated in color, etc. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

be skipped without serious loss. Yet, after passing lightly over the historical and pre-historical discussions, we find the book interesting and valuable from the intimate and definite information which it gives us about modern Andalusia.

GEORGE G. BROWNELL.

RHYTHM IN ENGLISH PROSE.*

In his "History of English Prose Rhythm," Professor Saintsbury has added another imposing volume to the long series with which he bids fair to fill a "five-foot shelf" of his own books. This latest contribution shows the traits familiar to Professor Saintsbury's readers for some forty years now, and all of them even more strongly marked than before: ultra-Toryism, delight in cudgel-play, inexhaustible robustness and gusto, profuseness both of matter and of statement, and a catholicity — or should we say indiscriminateness? — of vocabulary that reminds one of Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights." Only one new trait appears: the attacks that his last four or five volumes have drawn upon him have made him, as he puts it, most astonishingly "cautious in fending off carps." And I seem to find him more frequently and genuinely than before admitting the possible fallibility of some of his conclusions. His style may be irritating to many — it is to me — but it reveals the man himself, quite unashamed, as he recognizes humorously when he speaks of "almost innumerable forms of individual eccentricity, from those of Carlyle and Meredith to those of Cluvienus and myself." Nevertheless, the book is notable, both as the first extensive and comprehensive study of its subject, and as fundamentally sound and discriminating.

Inasmuch as the only predecessors whom Professor Saintsbury mentions are Bishop Hurd and John Mason, both about the middle of the eighteenth century, it is well to begin with a brief statement of the investigations of two more recent men, who approach the subject in ways sufficiently different to be of service in discussing the volume under review. In the "Proceedings of the Modern Language Association" for 1904, Professor F. N. Scott published a paper on "The Most Fundamental Differentia of Poetry and Prose," and in 1905 another on "The Scansion of Prose Rhythm." In the first paper he searches into primitive causes of expression to find the difference. He concludes that in the beginning vocal utterance was for the sake of giving vent to emotion or for the sake of communication. Very often, indeed, it served both purposes, though nearly always with one intention dominant. In both kinds of expression he finds a rhythm, a tendency for the voice to rise and then to fall, since "for physiological and psychological reasons all vocal utterances are rhythmical." In the expression of emotion the rhythms tend to repeat regularly, that is, metrically; in expression for communication the rhythms vary in length. In prose literature, he maintains, the rhythm is always there — unless a writer is so hampered by his notions of grammar and of conventional expression that his writing has little in common with speech. In the second paper Professor Scott plots the curves of these prose rhythms, and finds two main classes. In the first the climax is at the apex of the curve, in the second it is somewhere on the down-stroke of the curve, usually near the apex. Both of these classes vary infinitely in their length, in the length of the two phases of the curve, and in the presence of minor apexes in the course of both phases; also, the two kinds are not infrequently combined. Professor Scott does not attempt to judge the excellence of any particular rhythmed prose; he merely insists that rhythm is almost inevitably present. If I report him correctly, however, he intimates that the rhythm grows more marked as the prose grows more oratorical.

In 1910, Mr. P. Fijn van Draat of Utrecht published in *Anglistische Forschungen* a treatise of 145 pages on "Rhythm in English Prose," which he has since supplemented by papers in *Anglia* for April and November, 1912. In his introductory paragraphs he tells us how he happened upon his quest and what his goal is.

> "I had been reading Bernard Shaw's 'You Never Can Tell,' and laid down the book, inwardly thanking the author for the pleasant evening he had given me. . . . Presently I began to ponder why in this lilting title, 'You never can tell,' the adverb 'never' in spite of all rules of grammar preceded the auxiliary. 'You can never tell' it ought to have been. But no sooner had I changed the word-order than I found that the great charm of the title was gone. Where was the curious lilt that had given the words that haunting ring? No, there could be no doubt about it: in the face of all grammar the title should be: 'You never can tell.' And none other.
>
> "So the ordinary word-order had been departed from for the sake of this pleasing lilt, this rhythmical movement. Was this a solitary instance, or — as was more natural to suppose — had the striving after rhythmical movement — conscious or unconscious — made itself felt in any other way? Would it give us a cue to a few at least of the unsolved problems of grammar? The more I turned the subject over in my mind the more I became convinced that I had struck gold; that not one or two, but a dozen, phenomena, unaccounted for until now, ceased to puzzle me the moment I approached them from this point of view. It suddenly became clear now why in Old English we seldom read about 'Aelfred *cyng*' but about 'Aelfred *cyning*.' I could now account for the use of the preposition 'to' after the verb 'to dare' in: 'He has not dared to do it'; while its absence became equally clear in: 'How dare you do it?' and in 'He dare not do it.'"

Mr. van Draat's assumptions about the relations of prose and poetry are fairly indicated by the sentence (from Minor's "Neuhochdeutsche Metrik") which serves as a motto for his first chapter: "The history of poetry teaches that it is precisely in highly developed literature that we find uncertainty about the boundaries between poetry and prose; there arise an unrhythmed poetry and a rhythmic prose."

* A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSE RHYTHM. By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Co.

I question whether the statement thus unequivocally made is either very useful or precisely true; I think we shall find Professor Saintsbury's statement of the case distinctly better. Of the importance of poetry for this investigation, Mr. van Draat says (p. 8):

"Now, while an unrhythmical prose-writer is by no means an exception, an unrhythmical poet is a contradiction in terms, the essence of poetry — as far as the outward form is concerned — being rhythm. ['Metre' is the better word here.] Whereas in prose, therefore, the rhythmical principle in the use of *to* after *to make* is observed only occasionally, in poetry it is carried through systematically, and it is for this reason that we make poetry our guide; here we shall find a systematic application of every rhythmical device to which the prose-language occasionally has recourse."

Farther on he says (p. 14):

"When we speak of rhythmical prose we do not mean, of course, unbroken, uninterrupted rhythmical movement; but prose that evinces a tendency to form rhythm-groups; to hold closer together, by means of rhythm, words that logically belong together."

In keeping with this dictum, he naturally concludes that since poetry is dominated by four measures, therefore, in rhythmic prose

"We shall avoid a succession of three or more unstressed syllables, and that no rhythmic prose is possible when many unstressed words come together; if they do, some stress is involuntarily laid upon one of them, unless the sense prohibits it."

Fortunately, since all of his investigations turn upon the insertion or omission of one syllable, or upon the shifting of accent in certain dissyllables, or upon shifting word-order (such as the split infinitive, which he defends at length and successfully), his questionable statements of larger matters do not affect the validity of his conclusions about the effect of rhythm on English grammar. He praises very highly the Authorized Version, but leaves Professor Saintsbury to exhaust his vocabulary and his ridicule upon the unhappy Revisers.

With neither of these investigations has Professor Saintsbury much in common: he is not primarily interested either in *Volkpsychologie* or in philology. His whole concern is with the artistic history of "the other harmony." Let me first take up his theory. Professor Saintsbury takes as his motto Quintilian's dictum that "we cannot speak except in short or long syllables, of which feet are made" — a principle that, in English at least, slurs or ignores the immense number of syllables which are, strictly, neither short nor long; and indeed Professor Saintsbury recognizes this qualification constantly in his scansions, and occasionally in his comments. But no one, I think, will quarrel with him for accepting as a fundamental axiom the very earliest attempt to discriminate between prose and poetry — Aristotle's description of prose as "neither possessing metre nor destitute of rhythm." Much of his book is given to illustrating and enlarging upon this distinction. Of verse, for instance, he says (p. 342):

"In it the rhythm is always arranged correspondingly, though sometimes in a very intricate correspondence, with the answering parts at considerable distances one from another, and though large substitution of equivalent rhythmical units is in some cases permitted. In other words, the principle of sameness is that which is at the bottom of it, though this sameness may be, and in all the very best poetry always is, allied with as much variety as is consistent with its preservation. And one main, if not all but autocratic and automatic, means of securing this is the division into 'lines' or 'verses,' which, in their recurrence, bring out this identity in diversity."

The scansion of rhythmical prose, however, he tells us (p. 344),

"Is arranged on a principle totally different, and indeed opposed, when compared with that of poetry. Instead of sameness, equivalence, and recurrence, the central idea turns on difference, inequality, and variety. And though a certain amount of correspondence is introduced by the necessary presence of the identical quantity-combinations called *feet*, these are to be so arranged that they will not constitute *metre*."

In his final classification, Professor Saintsbury has four forms or groups of forms:

"I. Poetry or metre.

"II. Unmetrical or only partially metrical poetry, which, however, retains the arrangement of 'verse,' or division into sections not identical but corresponding with one another, definitely separated by a considerable pause, which is not determined strictly by the sense. [Here belong Ossian, Blake, and Whitman.]

"III. Fully but strictly rhythmical prose.

"IV. Prose in which rhythm, though present, is subordinated to other considerations."

The third of these divisions is the main subject of this book, with only such attention to the fourth as is necessary for discussing the prevalence, character, and quality of the third at various periods. Almost inevitably, Professor Saintsbury puts Sir Thomas Browne at the absolute apex of accomplishment in what he calls "symphonic or polyphonic" rhythm. Of this "ornate style" he remarks (p. 203):

"It is obvious that extremely, delicately, and complicatedly rhythmed prose of this kind is by no means extensively or universally fit for what has been called 'the instrument of the average purpose.' . . . That style is intrinsically unsuitable for direct and methodical exposition; doubtfully and only occasionally suitable for plain narration; critically impossible as a vehicle of conversation, scientific instruction, practical argument, and the whole range or ranges of what is succinctly called 'business.' The very users of it confess this in various ways. We want, as Beatrice says, 'another for working days.'"

Of this plainer prose he says (p. 424):

"We have seen that in the seventeenth-eighteenth century sober style, though you can apply the system of quantitative scansion — as you can to almost everything spoken or written by an educated Englishman — the process has, in differing degrees, but more or less uniformly in kind, a certain air of superfluity and unnaturalness. It neither evolves nor explains any music: it merely shows that there is little or none to be explained or evolved."

It follows naturally that Professor Saintsbury does not assign the highest rank to any prose that is markedly rhetorical or oratorical, although he does grant considerable importance to the part rhetoric has played in awakening men to the possibilities of decorative prose. He points out, for example (p. 108), that

"Logical arrangement of thought, though it has sometimes failed to be rhythmical, lends itself with remarkable ease to rhythmical arrangement. The barest syllogism has a cer-

tain rhythm; and when that syllogism is clothed and extended rhetorically, it is the fault of the writer if he does not develop the rhythm likewise."

And in discussing "Euphues" he remarks that

"The everlasting see-saw of antithetic balance almost inevitably spoils the rhythm which it is intended to provide. . . There *is* rhythm; but its perpetual correspondences, more or less clumsily fulfilled, defeat the purpose, fail to pay the debt of the elusive, undulating, and continually various harmony of prose" (p. 131).

But he concludes that

"After all, whatever be the foibles of Euphuism, it stands for the first deliberate and elaborate attempt at making prose ornamental, and bringing it into definite decorative order" (p. 133).

Judged by his standards of rhythm, oratory rarely deserves high praise, for, as he says at the beginning of his discussion of Burke (p. 273) oratorical rhythm *per se* (as has been observed almost to satiety, no doubt) is somewhat limited. But a few pages later he quotes the famous passage beginning "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles," and after admitting its sentimentality, he declares that anyone who

"Can regard it impartially . . . will be puzzled to find in English for more than a century before it, a more beautiful passage merely as harmonious phrase. The rhythm is still generally of the kind we have been discussing — stepped and paralleled and balanced. Except in these ways, the author's chief device of variation and harmonic contrast is connected (as we have seen had become usual since Addison) with the ends of the clauses and sentences — 'years' and 'at Versailles'; 'orb,' 'touch,' but then 'vision'; the descents of the next two sentences to the contrasted syllables of 'joy' and 'fall'; and so throughout. But, in its own way, in the juxtaposition of long sentences and short; of rising and falling clauses; even, a new thing to be thought of, or rather an old one revived, in the vowel-sound of the paralleled word-groups 'that sensibility of principle,' 'that chastity of honour,'— the thing is a masterpiece — a little in *bravura* perhaps to those who, while doing its form justice, do not sympathise with its matter, but certainly something much above *bravura* to those who do" (p. 277).

Many passages of De Quincey he praises highly (once he even says that "Browne might have written some"), but of the famous "Bishop of Beauvais!" peroration of his "Joan of Arc" he complains that

"It is noisy, and *blares*,— which rhythmical prose should never do, though verse sometimes may. The moment that one note in prose so overpowers the next that you cannot attend to it, the error of oratorical style, and the Augustan system, returns" (p. 309).

And he remarks of De Quincey, Wilson, and Landor that

"In fact, all these pioneers of polyphonic prose are apt, and naturally enough apt, to slip into the harangue, and in so doing to revert to the old alternation of antithesis and balance, instead of the continuous meander of true rhythmical prose that is not oratory" (p. 324).

Finally, in his Conclusion, he points out in some detail the defects of the qualities of oratory which deny to it the highest flights of true rhythmical prose (p. 463):

"In actual spoken oratory, or in very rhetorical written passages, epanaphora may be effective; but it is too rough and boisterous an instrument for higher prose, nor can the looser rhythm tame and train it as does the stricter metre. And, once more, it and all forms of repetition, down to the careless recurrence of a single word except in a markedly different sense, without any special rhythmical stress on it, are dangerous, because they are in a manner rebel to the same great Law of Variety. Epanaphora and similar forms of repetition are good (when not abused) in verse, because they are in accordance with its Law of Recurrence. They are bad in prose for an exactly corresponding reason."

So much for Professor Saintsbury's theory, which, however obvious in some respects and debatable in others, has nevertheless this merit: it sets forth in discriminating terms and from a consistent point of view the varieties of rhythmed prose in English. And the discrimination is the important thing. We need not, for example, agree with his ranking of oratory, but he has made clear that the rhythms of the orators are *not like* the rhythms of Browne and Taylor and Newman and Pater and Ruskin.

His scansion — the practical application of his theory to details of rhythm — is thoroughly characteristic. At the outset he gives us a Table of Feet in which he marshals, with all the pomp and circumstance of their classical names, the various feet which he finds in rhythmical prose. In this table, besides the four dissyllabic feet and the three trisyllabic ones common in our English verse, he musters five of three syllables, ten of four syllables (all, by the way, reducible to combinations of dissyllabic feet), and ends with the "dochmiac," which convenient epithet applies to any foot of five syllables in whatever combination of short and long. In a note he adds that "Monosyllabic feet, with the syllable necessarily long, are very frequent."

The most interesting of these feet is the dochmiac, of which he says: "In English prose those containing two long and three short are perhaps the commonest, arranged in their different combinations. One long and four short, similarly varied, is not uncommon; and three longs with two shorts intervening may be found; but more than three longs, I think, never." Now, since Professor Saintsbury rather scorns statistics, I could not resist the temptation to check up his deductions by an appeal to his own practice. Out of the first hundred dochmiacs which he marks in his scansions, two-thirds have only one long syllable, and only two have three longs (in both cases the first three syllables). Of the five possible varieties with only one long, he did not mark any in which the long syllable is the first of the five; and of the ten possible varieties with two longs, he marked no cases in which the two longs were the last two in the foot. In his hundred cases he has only fourteen of the possible twenty-five varieties, and a half dozen of the fourteen comprise eighty-two of the instances.

As I read the passages which Professor Saintsbury has scanned for us, it seemed to me that on the whole he chopped the rhythms up too much, and used too many feet of one, two, or three syllables: these short feet often made my reading drag, whereas more feet of four or five syllables would have corresponded better with the rapidity of the passage. Upon trying, therefore, to see in how many

instances I could have combined these short feet into dochmiacs, I found that in the passages in which he marked a hundred, I could have marked a hundred others. Evidently Professor Saintsbury is not unduly given to finding these longer feet. Scrutiny of the two lists, however, brought out some curious facts. The type which he uses most (two shorts, long, two shorts, marked 33 times) he *never avoids;* and the two types he avoids most (the two combinations of anapest and iamb) he uses only two and three times each. The only type as to which use and avoidance seemed at all equal was the short-long-short-long-short, which he marked nine times and avoided fifteen times.

One might suppose that in the case of the long feet the number of polysyllables would be important, for Professor Saintsbury rarely ends a prose foot within a word, as we so commonly do in verse. As a matter of fact, syntactical groupings are the most important, for only fifteen of his dochmiacs consisted of single words — fourteen of them nouns, and ten of these in Browne. (Diuturnity, annihilation, proprietaries, and perpetuation illustrate the four types he marks.) Half of his dochmiacs consisted of three words, and about two-fifths of only two words; but he makes only seven of four words, where my own list has thirty-four instances.

When we turn again to less drily technical matters and inquire what Professor Saintsbury has to tell us about the history of English prose rhythm, we find in brief this: In Old English we find men who wrote prose that shows conscious, deliberate, and successful, though limited, artistry; but the later loss of inflection and the introduction of Romance elements would have left even notable work to be done all over again. The rather sudden and wonderful blossoming of polyphonic harmony in the prose of the seventeenth century (as in the nineteenth, coming later than the great poetry) he recognizes and praises, but does not explain. It is easier to show how it brought — just because it was obviously not "the instrument of the average purpose" — what he calls the "concurrence of the plain" style, which the Augustans were to elaborate somewhat into the "standard" style so long thought especially appropriate to history. Later — to pick phrases from a whole page we have not space to quote — after so long a prevalence of the plainly phrased style, the opposite kind would have its turn. Almost all the particular agencies in the Romantic Revival helped: the taste for the picturesque, and for the exotic; the reverence for Elizabethan and seventeenth century literature; the great development of critical appreciation, as distinguished from rule-criticism; and finally the movement against monotony, uniformity, convention, almost necessitated the return to complicated values and irregular outlines. The taste for the picturesque, as he could hardly help observing, was a main factor; but it is curious (and he does not, I think, note this) that the great prose of the seventeenth century was not pictorial.

Of specific analysis of the work of individuals, and appraisement of their work, the book is full. Curiously, considering his insistence that rhythmic prose must avoid metre, and the number of instances in which he points out adroit avoidances of it, he does not object to the "batches of blanks" (horrible phrase!) in Ruskin.

The book is largely pioneer work, but it seems to me just now to have more substantial merits and fewer weaknesses than are usual when one man attempts for the first time to cover so large a field. At any rate, it seems noticeably better work than the same author's "History of Criticism" or his "History of English Prosody."

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A plea for the preservation of our wild life.

A masterly array of facts regarding the remnant of the wild game of our continent, and a cogent plea for intelligent interest and effective action for its preservation, is contained in Mr. W. T. Hornaday's volume, "Our Vanishing Wild Life: Its Extermination and Preservation" (Scribner). Forests, water power, and even fertility of the soil may perchance be restored when depleted, but no miracle of conservation can bring back to us a vanished species of bird or mammal. The present generation, assisted by rapid transportation, improved fire-arms, smokeless powder, the "Maxim silencer," the "pump gun," and like abominations, is depleting at an ever accelerating rate every species of game bird and mammal under the legal permission of laws framed all too often solely in the interest of sportsmen. Illegal shooting of non-game birds and mammals, and their gradual depletion by the destruction or modification of their native feeding and breeding grounds, combine to reduce still further our wild life, and in many cases to bring it near or quite to the vanishing point. Mr. Hornaday's book bids us pause and consider whether or not we have the right to rob future generations of their privileges of enjoyment of this phase of nature simply to gratify our desire to kill or to flaunt the borrowed plumes of some breeding bird for an ornament. The call by women for aigrettes has all but exterminated the heron, and these plumes now bring over fifty dollars an ounce in the world's markets. The birds of paradise are doomed, and tens of thousands of tiny humming birds are marketed every year at the wholesale price of about two cents per skin. The women of civilized countries can stop this wholesale extermination if they will. The plume hunters are skilful villains, and know their business. They move from land to land, as legal restrictions and extermination of their quarry compel them. Nothing short of the cessation of the demand for the plumage of wild birds for millinery purposes will save any bird, protected or unprotected, which the trade demands, from

swift extermination. Dr. Hornaday's treatment is constructive as well as critical and denunciatory. The effective organization of the protective work of the Audubon Society of America, the bird reserves, the State and national protective measures are all described. It is the duty of men of science to take intelligent steps to secure effective legislation, of the schools to teach conservation of wild life, of the hunter to maintain a higher standard of sportsman's ethics, and of the State and nation to act promptly, intelligently, and effectively in order that all may coöperate to conserve for the future the vanishing remnant of our wild life.

The wife of Charles I.

In recent years there has appeared a series of histories and biographies by writers of Roman Catholic persuasion, the purpose of which seems to be to explain or justify the part played by Catholic leaders in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Chief among these writers is the Abbot Gasquet (a historian of judgment and ability), Miss J. M. Stone, and Mr. Martin Haile. To this group we may, perhaps, add Miss Henrietta Haynes, whose recent biography of Queen Henrietta Maria is written from the same viewpoint, though the author's own religious attitude can scarcely be inferred from her cautiously written narrative. Miss Haynes has not been fortunate in her subject: Henrietta Maria was not a great woman, and her career, as the biographer confesses, was a failure. But she occupied an important position in a great crisis, and we are glad to know her more intimately than we have in the past. It is clear from Miss Haynes's account that for the King's difficulties in the earlier years of his reign the Queen was not much to blame: she came to England at the age of sixteen when the trouble was about to begin, and can have had but little influence on events. Still, she did cause trouble in the royal household, for she was an ardent Catholic, and was surrounded by servants of her own faith. It is the author's opinion that these servants were stupid and tactless, and that the King was justified in sending them back to France. As the years passed, the Queen's influence with the unlucky Charles increased, with the inevitable result that Puritan hostility toward the Stuarts was intensified. The chief value of Miss Haynes's work lies in her study of the Queen's relations with the Romanists, both in England and abroad, before and during the civil war. In her efforts to advance the cause of her faith in England, she displayed much zeal, but little wisdom. "It is hardly too much to say that she pulled down her husband's throne to help her co-religionists." And in the end she gained nothing from it. Interesting facts that bear on the perpetual conflict between the Catholic factions in England are also brought out, and some attention is devoted to the attitude of papacy toward the troubles of Britain. There are also valuable chapters on the Queen's activities during the war and the period of exile. Miss Haynes has drawn her information largely from Catholic sources, and has apparently discovered materials that have escaped the search of earlier historians of the Stuart period. In her narrative she seems to be unusually free from prejudice, and makes no effort to magnify the virtues and abilities of a Queen who possessed these in a moderate degree only. Twelve excellent illustrations, chiefly portraits, help to give reality to the personal side of the story. (Putnam.)

The hitherto neglected science of gastronomy.

Among all the reforms clamoring for consideration in these piping times of progression, Mr. Henry T. Finck, it would seem, has in many ways the most rational one of all, and the one least calculated to disturb any vested interest that has a right to live. Its creed and platform, constitution and by-laws are set forth in "Food and Flavor: A Gastronomic Guide to Health and Good Living" (Century Co.), a work as appetizing as any chapter of Dickens. It has two distinct aims, of which the first is the rescue of the sense of smell from a remarkable amount of ignorance and false teaching. What we know as the sense of taste, it seems, goes only so far as to permit us to discern six several things, *i. e.*, whether a given subject on the tongue is sweet, sour, bitter, salty, alkaline, or metallic — as those with a severe cold in the head may have had occasion to observe. All the other delights of food and drink depend directly upon the sense of smell. This is Mr. Finck's own contribution to science, and it assuredly gives him title to discourse as freely as he pleases upon flavors, since he is the first to learn how they are best discerned. But he adds to this a really erudite knowledge of good food, at least as far as the United States and the countries of Europe have good food. He has taken a number of journeys, every one of them as filled with gustatory pleasure as Sterne's was with sentiment, and has brought back something worth remembering on every one of them. It has been pointed out that man can live on ten cents a day, and so everything above that sum is paid out for Flavor (the word is capitalized throughout the book); and Flavor cures dyspepsia, decreases divorce, promotes friendliness, decreases the possibilities of war, improves the disposition, and really advances any number of reforms that might be mentioned. Moreover, it makes for conservatism,— as Washington Irving observed, "Who ever heard of a fat man heading a mob?" The book is well illustrated by Mr. Charles S. Chapman.

Unfrequented trails through California.

The rapid development of recent years has robbed some of the garden spots of California, notably in the south, of the atmosphere of romance and of frontier life which enveloped Alta California of the old Spanish regime. The bands of peaceful Indians whom the padres gathered about their missions have mostly vanished, and the mission bells summon an alien race to inspect but not to pray. The great ranches, with their wide acres and great herds, have mostly passed under the hammer of the real

estate auctioneer. He who would find unspoiled any trace of New Spain in the Golden State must seek it to-day far from the beaten path of the tourist and out of sound of the honking automobile. Mr. J. Smeaton Chase, in his new book entitled "California Coast Trails: A Horseback Ride from Mexico to Oregon" (Houghton), found a surprising amount of this older phase of California life, and portrays it with exquisite sympathy. He exhibits a fine appreciation for nature in all her moods of sun and fog, and in all her aspects of desert, chaparral, and redwood forest, which so uniquely characterizes the varied coast of California. Mountain and sea meet along our Pacific shores mostly in precipitous cliffs, at whose inhospitable feet the ocean swells of the wide Pacific roar incessantly and break in foam. No *camino real* skirts this shore, and the traveller must find his way from ranch to ranch by dim and winding cattle-trails, and chance the quicksands at the fords of the almost dry beds of the streams. Less romantic in historical perspective, but no less beautiful and interesting, is the trip through the redwood forest belt of the State, north of the Golden Gate. The California here revealed by the author is the real one of the untarnished frontier, where the wide expanses of land and sea fill and satisfy the spirit, for the time at least, and the whirl of the street and the noise and the grime of the mart seem far away. In Mr. Chase's pages the call is sounded for every California rover to take to the trail.

Nelson's life and associations in England.

Miss E. Hallam Morehouse's account of "Nelson's Lady Hamilton" will be remembered as an admirably candid treatment of a difficult subject, and should secure attention for her newer work, "Nelson in England" (Dutton). This latter takes up a fascinating corner of a topic that has received less attention than it deserves, ransacks it thoroughly, and places the results before the reader in a way that does not detract in the least from that fine humanity which has made the great admiral almost the most human of the major characters of history and the most lovable of conquerors. Not only this, but it brings out the positive genius of the man, from his uninteresting boyhood and youth, so ridiculously normal in the light of the fate before him, through to the wonderful end which left England as proudly tearful as when the immortal Sidney gave up his life for his fellows and his country. The means whereby this praiseworthy result is attained are the simplest. Practically all that Nelson did when away from his native soil is eliminated from the narrative, only so much as tends to throw light upon his conduct in England itself being retained for purposes of connection. His life as a boy in a country parsonage, his years in a school of little note, his boyish choice of the sea as a vocation, a choice reached boyishly and with no more apparent sense of his complete fitness for mastery than comes to other boys, his youthful hopes and almost more frequent youthful disappointments; and then a fame, attained quite as much in spite of things as because of them, that has lifted him into the immortal throng whom we know as "Plutarch's men." In this book the stress is on Lady Nelson, rather than on the woman whose beauty was fit companion for Nelson's valor, and there is no shirking of the problem presented — and no solution of it, either, except on the plea of the genius that can command anything in this world, once it is established in the minds of men. There are numerous illustrations, all of unusual interest, and a general impression of a well-rounded whole, sympathetic and readable, such as a thoroughly good biography should have.

Sane reflections on everyday American life.

Mr. Edward Sandford Martin's humor, always as spicy and aromatic, as normal and sane, as a June rosarium, is at its best in "Reflections of a Beginning Husband" (Harper), wherefrom one may discern that we have a rational civilization in these United States, at least in spots,— perhaps, even, that it is not as spotted as our European kinsfolk think. While other writers of fiction are interested in construction and dialogue, plot and "punch," thrill and sensation, problem and solution, Mr. Martin satisfies himself — and his readers — with an entirely normal pair of happy human beings. The beginning husband is a young lawyer in a good firm with excellent connections, the scion of a good stock, and with sixty dollars a week by way of income; the wife with whom he begins (and ends) the book is also the scion of a good old stock, the child of parents wealthier than his own, if anything, but entirely suited to him in social station, education, tastes, and habits. And they marry, and have a baby, and live within their income, and have pleasant friends, and all the delights of life, just as most of us would have them if we could select our surroundings with as much discernment as Mr. Martin has drawn his characters. The book abounds in what is called "dry" humor, the narrator having energy enough left after his day's work to see the fun in life; and the reader may be warranted a smile with him on every page.

The dying gasps of Turkey in Europe.

The present unrest in eastern Europe, culminating in what seems likely to be the downfall of Turkey's European empire, impresses Captain B. Granville Baker as having points of resemblance to the great "Völkerwanderung" that fifteen centuries ago wrought so great a change in the map of Europe. In his timely and instructive volume, "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe" (Lippincott), he forecasts the future by help of the past, arriving at the conclusion that "it may be taken for granted that the Ottoman Empire as a European Power is a thing of the past, that all those provinces carved out of Europe by the sword of Othman have been lost by the sword, and that of Turkey in Europe nothing remains but the strips of land which the Allies are pleased to leave to their old enemy. Constantinople will remain

Turkish for some time yet—ten years, perhaps fifteen—but methinks the Turk is tired of his stay in Europe, that he will soon pack up his small possessions and return to Asia Minor, whence he came." In the expansion of crowded Slavic and Teutonic peoples toward the territory so long held by the Ottoman invaders, Captain Baker somehow contrives to persuade himself that there is menace to the security of the British Empire. "Germany is daily perfecting an already formidable navy," he warns his fellow-countrymen, "for flank defence first, then for further enterprise; Austria has recently greatly added to the budget for naval and military purposes, and the road to Saloniki is no longer closed by Turkey; Italy, with her considerable naval power, is allied to Germany and Austria. What is Great Britain, the vast Empire encircling the moving forces from west to east, doing towards her own safety?" Germanophobia, evidently, was not the least of the motives impelling the author to write his book; and of course the lesson, or one of the lessons, it is intended to teach is the necessity of a bigger army and navy. Skilfully executed drawings from Captain Baker's own pencil, together with a map of Turkey in Europe, add to the interest and value of the book.

With Pickett at Gettysburg.

No book could be more timely, in this the semi-centennial year of the pivotal battle of the Civil War, than Mrs. George E. Pickett's romance, "The Bugles of Gettysburg" (F. G. Browne & Co.), which commemorates her late husband's heroism in that desperate encounter, and at the same time tells the love story of Colonel Jasper Carrington and Catherine Marshall. It pictures the Virginia of fifty years ago, the conflict of emotions with which loyal Virginians took up arms against the flag of their country, the high hopes and fine enthusiasm of those who dreamed of and fought for a "free South" and a "new nation," and the sacrifices they cheerfully made in the gallant endeavor to realize their dream. Jasper Carrington, a young lieutenant and graduate of West Point, stationed at a far-western post with Captain Pickett when news reached him of Virginia's secession, resigned from the army, as did his captain also, and both made their way by a long and circuitous route to the old home. Kate Marshall was waiting in suspense to learn whether her lover would espouse the Union cause or draw his sword for the Old Dominion and the South. Narrow escapes from arrest as a deserter, dangers to his life from a rival suitor for the heroine's hand, with perils of the battlefield, where indeed he is seriously wounded, combine to make the hero's fortunes interesting to the reader, as they did to heighten and prolong the loving anxiety of his sweetheart. General Pickett, the admiration and inspiration of those under him and of those associated with him, plays of course an important part in the drama, whose climax is reached on the field of Gettysburg. In subordinate details, the presentation of the old Virginia negro, the faithful family servant, is especially good. "Uncle Zeke," who held that "a lie is a abomination ter de Lawd (en a ve'y present help in time er trouble)," and "Old Pete" and "Black Pomp," are all drawn to the life. The tone and atmosphere of the book bear evidence of long and faithful preparation for its writing. A frontispiece illustration shows General Pickett leading his men in the famous charge that has immortalized his name.

Sketches of some great conquerors.

The "World's Leaders" series (Holt) has been increased by the publication of a volume entitled "The World's Leading Conquerors," a compact, thoughtful, and at the same time very pleasantly written piece of work from the pen of Professor W. L. Bevan, of the University of the South. The "leading conquerors" whom Professor Bevan has chosen to discuss are Alexander, Cæsar, Charles the Great, the Ottoman Sultans from Osman to Souliman, Cortez, Pizarro, and Napoleon. Sober, objective, cautious, convinced that Cæsar's commentaries are too vague and untrustworthy to have great value and that their author "added nothing new to the art of war," that Charlemagne's work left no permanent impression, the historian is very chary of superlatives, although he closes his volume and his biography of the great Corsican with the admission that "In spite of all his limitations, it seems impossible to point to a more marvelous career in the annals of humanity." Certain of the chapters, notably those on Charlemagne and the Spanish Conquistadores, are made up largely of detailed and valuable studies of manners and customs; these are unquestionably the best part of the book, but they have no proportional equivalents in the other chapters. It is to be regretted that there are no maps. A modern atlas would of course be of little help with most of the book; and though the author makes frequent efforts to keep us in touch with the scene of the events he is narrating, by suggesting a modern landmark in the neighborhood of the ancient one, the inclusion of a few charts and plans would have been of great usefulness.

Enjoyable letters from India.

With laudable wisdom the Hon. Robert Palmer, author of "A Little Tour in India" (Longmans), denies the charge of "having written a book on India," declaring that "a tour of five months was too long for such an ambition to survive." Fortunately, however, he was persuaded to publish some letters mailed to members of his family; and he thought it better to leave them with their "sundry monstrosities of syntax—barbarous parentheses, unattached pronouns and mixed tenses," than "to disguise rough impressions with a thin varnish of literary elaboration." The result is an entertaining volume marked by refreshing informality. There is no savour of the guide book; nor does the author ever pretend to speak with authority. But Mr. Palmer is an educated Englishman, who had read and talked much

about India before he boarded the steamer; and he associated intimately with a number of people who knew their parts of India very intimately. (The Right Reverend Edwin James, Lord Bishop of Bombay, is "Jim" throughout these pages.) Above all, our traveller's eyes and ears were ever intelligently open. He went everywhere and saw everything, and wrote down his impressions while they were still fresh. Thus his contributions range through wide and varied fields, from an admirable description of the durbar and notes on Indian politics or economics to all sorts of minor details, including a picture of two impish young Hindus who suddenly went flat on their faces and crawled under a rope attached to the hind leg of a dismal old cow, "explaining with grins that it was not right to show disrespect to cows." In the chapter on Kashmir, most American readers would gladly exchange some of the minutiæ of duck hunting for additional descriptions of life and scenery; but an Englishman must shoot. The letters are lively, readable, and unintentionally instructive.

Two books on public speaking.

Two books with titles that are practically synonymous,—the Rev. Thomas Tait's "How to Train the Speaking Voice" (Doran) and Mr. Edwin Gordon Lawrence's "How to Master the Spoken Word" (McClurg),—bespeak the importance of elocution and oratory for the English-speaking race, here and in the antipodes. Mr. Tait, a master of arts and bachelor of divinity, holds a cure in Christchurch, New Zealand, and was formerly lecturer on elocution in Melbourne University; Mr. Lawrence is known as a teacher in the same field and as the author of several valuable works on the subject. This latest book of the latter has for a sub-title the statement that it is "designed as a self-instructor for all who would excel in the art of public speaking," and it covers the ground both by precept and example. But it really takes up the art about where Mr. Tait leaves it. The latter is concerned with the elements, the former with the finished product of the schools. Mr. Tait is explicit in regard to the simpler and more fundamental things, as if his public lacked the clearness of speech and power to make itself heard that Mr. Lawrence takes for granted. In few words, and those easily comprehended, the Australasian shows how to speak simply, articulately, and audibly, how to read with comprehension and deliver with effect, and there he ends his little book. Mr. Lawrence gives the best orations of classical and modern times, analyzes them, and leaves the student who has carefully followed him in full knowledge of a great art. The two books complement one another admirably, and are worthy of praise.

Reprint of a rare early tract on free libraries.

Dr. Jesse Torrey, Jr., writer on education, temperance advocate, anti-slavery agitator, and author of a scheme for the establishment of free public libraries, was born too early to meet with a very general or cordial response to his various printed proposals for the moral and intellectual regeneration of mankind, and even the names of these publications of his are now all but forgotten. One of them, "The Intellectual Torch," is rescued from oblivion by Mr. Edward Harmon Virgin and republished as number three of "The Librarian's Series," which is under the general editorship of Mr. John Cotton Dana and Mr. Henry W. Kent. The little tract, whose full title describes it as "an original, economical and expeditious plan for the universal dissemination of knowledge and virtue by means of free public libraries," gives an account of an actual library started by the author at New Lebanon, N. Y., in 1804, when he was but seventeen years of age, and, in addition to other matter in prose and verse, concludes with a number of essays on the pernicious effects of indulgence in alcoholic beverages. The author was his own publisher, and Ballston Spa, 1817, the place and date of the issue of the tract. An engraved portrait and a silhouette of Torrey are reproduced for the reprint. Apparently this work is an addition to the series as originally announced, or a substitution for some one of the six numbers named in the prospectus; but no word of explanation is offered by the editors. Mr. Virgin has unearthed all that is discoverable concerning the obscure author whom he edits, and his Introduction is really the most interesting part of the book. (Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vt.)

BRIEFER MENTION.

Sporadically, we are getting the plays of Björnson turned into English. Mr. Edwin Björkman now gives us three of them (Scribner),—"En Hanske," "Over Ævne I.," and "Det Ny System." We wish that he had given us instead "En Fallit," "Over Ævne II.," and "Kongen," because those are three that it is most desirable to use for stage-production in English. Perhaps he will now turn his attention to them.

A report on "The Climate and Weather of San Diego, California," has been prepared by Mr. Ford A. Carpenter, local forecaster, under the direction of the former Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, Mr. Willis L. Moore. The little volume, which is freely illustrated with photographs, maps, and charts, is published by the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. As dealing with a region which is often said to have no weather, in the usual sense of the term, this report is of much interest.

Publication of a ninth edition, revised, of Mr. Ernest W. Clement's "Handbook of Modern Japan" (McClurg) attests the continued and well-deserved popularity of this compendium of condensed information concerning a great modern world power. So much of significance in the history of Japan has been crowded into the eight years since the volume was last revised, that numerous changes in statistics and statements have been required. A new chapter, with new illustrations, entitled "Greater Japan," ends the volume.

Among other volumes published in celebration of the half-centenary anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, is a new edition of Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett's

"Pickett and His Men," a biography commemorating the author's soldier-husband, one of the foremost commanders on the Confederate side, and leader of the historic charge against Cemetery Ridge on the third day of the battle. The book is frankly a tribute to General Pickett and the men of his Division; but as an intimate recital of the events connected with the battle it will have an additional appeal. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Co. are the publishers of this edition.

In a volume comfortable in size and handsome in form, the Oxford University Press gives us the "Poems of Tennyson" as originally published between 1830 and 1870, with reproductions of the beautiful wood-cuts from the famous Moxon edition as illustrations. Colored reproductions of Watts's portrait of Tennyson and his "Sir Galahad" are included by way of good measure; and Dr. T. Herbert Warren, professor of poetry at Oxford, supplies a pleasant and illuminating introduction. Except for the fact that it does not include the poet's latest work, we should say that this was by far the best single-volume Tennyson to be had.

The little volume of tales translated from the eighteenth-century Chinese by Mr. George Soulié, and published under the title of the original, "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures" (Houghton), affords an insight into some of the nooks and corners of Taoist and Buddhist beliefs, and certain of the tales possess a quaint and delicate charm. The imagination and the art of the Chinese writer, however, do not maintain the high level of these few choice stories throughout even this small volume of selections. The perfection and lightness of touch of a Lafcadio Hearn, evinced in the best tales, is inharmoniously matched with the crudity and formlessness of others.

"Reasons for Reading," by Mr. John Cotton Dana, comes to us in a beautifully printed folio of barely six pages of reading matter, with a lavish abundance of blank pages before and after. The type is thirty-point Cheltenham, and the edition is limited to twenty-five copies. The short tract is full of good advice, exhorting to read first for profit, then for pleasure, and at all times to practice honesty with oneself and the world in one's literary opinions, one's literary likes and dislikes. A larger public than can be reached in this restricted issue of Mr. Dana's essay ought to have access to it, and it is to be hoped that it will be made more readily available, if steps to that end have not already been taken.

Court gossip and intrigue and bickering and bitterness are dished up in highly-flavored form in Countess Larisch's book of rankling memories, entitled "My Past" (Putnam), and professing to clear up the mystery of the tragic end of Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria. The purpose of the book, written after a quarter-century of silence, is explained as a desire to free the writer's name from intolerable calumnies and slanders that have caused one of her sons to shoot himself and have embittered the lives of her daughters. Extraordinary accusations against high personages no longer living abound in the sensational narrative of the "Countess," who, by the way, is no longer Countess Larisch, a legal annulment of her marriage having been effected in 1896, as she herself relates, and a subsequent union with an untitled person having taken place. The book is written in a style to ensure its being read, it is well printed, well illustrated, well bound, and will for a season take a conspicuous place in the department of literature (the *chroniques scandaleuses*) to which it belongs.

Notes.

"The Collected Poems of Alice Meynell" are soon to be published in a single volume by Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. Hall Caine's next novel, to appear in August, will be entitled "The Woman Thou Gavest Me: Being the Narrative of Mary O'Neill."

Another of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns" stories, entitled "The Old Adam," is promised for immediate publication by the George H. Doran Co.

"London: An Intimate Picture," by Mr. Henry James Forman, author of "In the Footsteps of Heine," will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co.

A timely study of "Free Trade vs. Protection," by Mr. Amasa M. Eaton, for many years a student of tariff reform, will be published this month by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Public Opinion and Popular Government," by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, will shortly be added to Messrs. Longman's "American Citizen Series."

Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett's study of William Morris will soon be published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. It will contain considerable matter hitherto unutilized in any way.

The second volume of "The Cambridge Mediæval History" is to be published within a few weeks. This is entitled "The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundation of the Western Empire."

"Mexico: The Land of Unrest," by Mr. Henry Baerlein, will be published this month by J. B. Lippincott Co. It is an account of recent and present-day conditions, based on long observation at first-hand.

A timely account of the battle of Gettysburg, written by a participant, is announced for publication this month by Messrs. Harper in Mr Jesse Bowman Young's "The Battle of Gettysburg: A Comprehensive Narrative."

The interesting papers by Mr. Robert Sterling Yard which have been appearing recently in various periodicals will be published in book form in the autumn by Houghton Mifflin Co., under the title, "The Publisher."

A brief biographical and critical sketch of William Ernest Henley, written by Mr. L. Cope Cornford, will be published late this month by Houghton Mifflin Co. This house also has in press a Life of John Bright, by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan.

"Studies in Love and Terror" is the title of a new volume of stories by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes which Messrs. Scribner will publish at once. This house has also in press a volume on "Charles Dickens and Music," by Mr. James T. Lightwood.

Frederick A. Ober, well known as an ornithologist and writer, died June 2 at his home in Hackensack, N. J., at the age of sixty-four. His published works comprise many titles, consisting largely of stories of adventure and history for young readers.

A French estimate of Synge's work and of the present literary movement in Ireland is announced in "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre," by M. Maurice Bourgeois. The writer has made a close study of contemporary Irish literature in English, and has translated some of Synge's plays into French.

"The Imprint" is the title of a new English monthly devoted to subjects of interest to the designer, the illustrator, and the printer. It is beautiful in typo-

graphical make-up, interesting in subject-matter, and distinctively illustrated. American readers of such periodicals as "The Printing Art" and "The Graphic Arts" would do well to become acquainted with "The Imprint," which is published from Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Three hitherto unannounced books to be published immediately by the Macmillan Co, are "The Influence of Monarchs: Steps in a New Science of History," by Dr. Frederick Adams Woods; "The Heart of Gaspé," an account of this little-known region of Eastern Canada, by Mr. John M. Clarke; and "A Prisoner in Fairyland," a novel by Mr. Algernon Blackwood.

Admirers of "The Corner of Harley Street," published a year or two ago, will not be surprised to learn that its author is a physician. Houghton Mifflin Co., who publish the book, announce the real name of Peter Harding to be Henry Howarth Bashford, a London physician who is still in his early forties. He holds an important position with H. M. Civil Service, and is the author of several novels.

The appointment of three well-known scholars is announced by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. to assist, by advice and suggestion, in the development of their list of books in history for schools, colleges, and the general trade. The three men chosen are: Professor William S. Ferguson, Harvard University; Professor James T. Shotwell, Columbia University; and Professor William E. Dodd, University of Chicago.

Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his introduction to Mrs. Nyström-Hamilton's volume on "Ellen Key: Her Life and Her Work," an English translation of which, prepared by Mrs. A. E. B. Fries, will be published this month by Messrs. Putnam, points out that what Mrs. Nyström-Hamilton has to tell "may be received with confidence as coming out of the circle in which Ellen Key has spent the greater part of her active life."

Mr. Edwin Björkman is preparing a volume on "Scandinavian Literature" for Messrs Henry Holt & Co. Mr. Björkman contemplates separate treatments of Ibsen, Björnson, George Brandes, Strindberg, and Jacobsen. There will be collective treatment of the lesser men in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The book will not catalogue and describe the work of these men so much as it will show how their work illustrated tendencies in modern life and literature.

The tenth volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" is to make its appearance shortly. It covers "The Age of Johnson," and among the contents are chapters on "Johnson and Boswell," by Mr. David Nichol Smith; "Oliver Goldsmith," by Mr. Austin Dobson; "Richardson," by M. Louis Cazamian; "Sterne and the Novel of His Times," by Professor C. E. Vaughan; "The Literature of Dissent," by Dr. W. A. Shaw; "Philosophers," by Professor W. R. Sorley; "Gibbon," by Dr. A. W. Ward; and "Hume and Modern Historians," by Dr. William Hunt.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, of the well-known "Doves Press," at Hammersmith, London, announces the abandonment of his scheme for the publication of Shakespeare's works, which will not now be carried farther than the three Roman plays and the poems. One reason for this alteration of plan will be received with regret — namely, the "not remote closure of the *Press*." The reason for this is the growing strain of reading, revising, and passing the printed sheets, work which, with the designing of the books, is peculiarly his own. "This has grown of late with an increasing pace in the grey twilight of our wintry weather." He is thus "constrained to forego at last the delight of projects which seemed ever to multiply with the work and the years"; and "to adjust his eyes to other scenes and his hopes to far other projects." There are, however, to be some final publications of the Doves Press, which "shall serve as far as possible to round off the range of thought and expression comprised in the publications of the *Press* and the variety of the problems whose solution it has been the primary object of the *Press* to achieve."

Coincidentally with the issue of the last two volumes of John Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life" comes the announcement that plans are on foot for the erection of a memorial to that statesman, diplomat, and scholar. The committee having the matter in charge, headed by Hon. Joseph H. Choate, has sent out circulars calling for subscriptions, and saying that it is felt the most fitting memorial to Mr. Bigelow would be a building on the campus of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y, from which Bigelow was graduated, and also the establishment of a Bigelow Professorship of Political Science in that college. Serving on the committee with Mr. Choate are such men as Messrs. Oswald Garrison Villard, Charles E. Hughes, Andrew Carnegie, Elihu Root, and many others.

The retirement of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson from the editorship of "The Century Magazine," and the appointment of Mr. Robert Sterling Yard (formerly of Moffat, Yard & Co.) as general manager, call attention anew to the revolution that has of late been effected in the conduct of monthly periodicals. It is the business end of such publications that is now considered all-important, and a J. G. Holland (the "Century's" first editor, before it changed its name of "Scribner's Monthly") is no longer the man desired for the control of a great magazine — a necessary result, no doubt, of the increased and increasing specialization in all activities, literary and other. Mr. Johnson has been so long connected with "The Century," of which he has been editor-in-chief since Mr. Gilder's death, that his retirement cannot fail to cause widespread regret.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 124 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. By George Meade; edited by George Gordon Meade. In 2 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.

From Studio to Stage: Reminiscences of Weedon Grossmith, Written by Himself. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 367 pages. John Lane Co. $4 net.

My Life. By August Bebel. With portrait, 8vo, 343 pages. University of Chicago Press. $2. net.

Pickett and His Men. By La Salle Corbell Pickett. New edition; illustrated, 8vo, 313 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

Arbella Stuart: A Biography. By B. C. Hardy. Illustrated, 8vo, 340 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. net.

Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons. By Sir Richard Temple, M. P.; edited by Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bt. Large 8vo, 522 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Notable Women in History. By Willis J. Abbot. Illustrated, large 8vo, 448 pages. John C. Winston Co. $2.40 net.

HISTORY.

The Flowery Republic. By Frederick McCormick. Illustrated, 8vo, 446 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

A Busy Time in Mexico. An Unconventional Record of Mexican Incident. By Hugh B. C. Pollard. Illustrated, 8vo, 243 pages. Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

A History of Cavalry from the Earliest Times: With Lessons for the Future. By George T. Denison. Second edition; illustrated, 8vo, 468 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

A Handbook of Modern Japan. By Ernest W. Clement. Ninth edition, revised and enlarged; illustrated, 12mo, 436 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.40 net.

George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771—1781. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by James Alton James. Illustrated, large 8vo, 715 pages. Springfield: Illinois State Historical Library.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

University and Historical Addresses: Delivered during a Residence in the United States as Ambassador of Great Britain. By James Bryce. 8vo, 433 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Swinburne: An Estimate. By John Drinkwater. With photogravure frontispiece, 12mo, 215 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

The Baconian Heresy: A Confutation. By J. M. Robertson. 8vo, 612 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6. net.

Sirenica. By W. Compton Leith. 12mo, 178 pages. John Lane Co. $1. net.

The Son of a Servant. By August Strindberg; translated from the Swedish by Claud Field; with Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. 12mo, 261 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Note-Books of Samuel Butler, Author of "Erewhon." Selections arranged and edited by Henry Festing Jones. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 438 pages. Mitchell Kennerley, $2. net.

Presidential Address. By the Right Hon. James Bryce, LL.D.; with introductory and supplementary remarks by A. W. Ward, Litt.D. 8vo, 28 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper.

Knowledge and Life. By William Arkwright, 12mo, 215 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Child of the Amazons, and Other Poems. By Max Eastman. 12mo, 69 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1. net.

The Republic: A Little Book of Homespun Verse. By Madison Cawein. 12mo, 98 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1. net.

Judas. By Harry Kemp. 12mo, 254 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

This Generation. By S. M. Fox. 12mo, 158 pages. "Plays of To-day and To-morrow." Duffield & Co. $1. net.

Deborah: A Play in Three Acts. By Lascelles Abercrombie. 12mo, 60 pages. John Lane & Co. 75 cts. net.

The Americans. By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. 12mo, 304 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

The Dilettante, and Other Poems. By A. G. Shirreff, I. C. S. 12mo, 95 pages. Oxford University Press.

The Snow-Shoe Trail, and Other Poems. By Isaac Rushing Pennypacker; with Introduction by Charles Leonard Moore. 12mo, 172 pages. Philadelphia: Christopher Sower Co.

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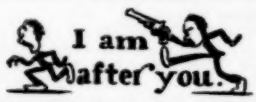

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